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The Shape of Things

NOT SINCE THOSE REMOTE PRE-WAR DAYS when the big-business press was sure that the ICC would prove the ruination of the railroads has a regulatory body been subjected to such vicious and misleading attacks as those now being directed against the National Labor Relations Board. An ex-trial examiner from Orange, New Jersey, is given all the space he wants to slander the board for fostering "Communists and kindred radicals" until embarrassing disclosures about his own unjudicial conduct as a trial examiner lose him the limelight. A report by regional directors disclosing nothing worse than that the board is understaffed and unable efficiently to coordinate its work is ballyhooed as a "suppressed" indictment of the board's "methods, policies, and machinery." The same interests that made a great to-do over this report, which indicates that the NLRB needs more funds, are the chief support of the movement in Congress to slash the board's appropriations. An attempt is being made to cut out the appropriation for the board's economics division, headed by David J. Saposs, a labor economist of established reputation who is far from being the "Communist" the blatherskites have been calling him. Finally Representative Norton's pro-labor and pro-New Deal House Labor Committee, in an attempt at appeasement, has voted to approve an amendment of the Wagner Act providing for a five- instead of a three-man board. The committee is still resisting pressure to report the Smith amendments, which would ruin the act altogether, but its new move will have the effect of throwing the act open to amendment from the floor unless a "closed rule" is obtained barring any amendments but the committee's.

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THE UNFORTUNATE RESULTS OF ATTEMPTS at appeasement are illustrated by the fruits of Mrs. Norton's effort last year to give reaction half a loaf on the wage-hour law. Mrs. Norton bottled up in her committee the Barden amendments, which were sponsored by the notorious Associated Farmers of California and would have exempted 1,000,000 workers in agricultural processing industries from the wage provisions of the wage-hour law and another 1,500,000 from the hour provisions. Workers in canneries, packing houses, and the stockyards would have suffered from these exemptions, which were sold to Congress as relief for farmers but were actually relief for some of our greatest fruit, vegetable, and meat processing companies. When pressure on the House Labor Committee became severe, Mrs. Norton reported out a bill of her own as a compromise measure. She asked a closed rule to prevent the Barden amendments from being offered from the floor but failed to obtain it. In the parliamentary scuffle that ensued the Barden amendments were reported out by the Rules Committee, and though they failed to pass last session they are on the calendar now. They may come to a vote next week. If they pass, the success of the packers' and canners' lobby will encourage other industries to seek similar exemptions. Labor's chief gains from the New Deal are at stake in the amendments that threaten the Wagner Act and the wage-hour law.

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THERE IS NO DIVINITY THAT DOTH HEDGE a judge, and the attempt of jurists in Chicago and St. Louis to send editors to jail for daring to criticize them calls for a manifestation of good old Boston Tea Party Americanism. Two editors and the famous cartoonist, Fitzpatrick, of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* have been cited for snorting editorially at a judge who dismissed extortion indictments against a politician and a labor leader. Granted that the great Fitzpatrick can be very disrespectful—his offending cartoon was entitled "Burlesque House in Rat Alley"—it's still a free country. The case of the *Post-Dispatch* has called forth thunderbolts from *Editor and Publisher,* but the press has shut up like a clam on the Chicago case, for the Hearst strike is involved and publishers hang together. Some time ago Judge John J. Lupe issued an injunction seriously hampering the Newspaper Guild in giving publicity to the strike. The Guild was fined $5,000 plus $4,000 in costs for telling people a strike was on. Now Louis F. Budenz and W. L. Patterson, editor and associate editor, respectively, of the Chicago *Record,* and Robert Wirtz, state secretary of the International Labor Defense, have

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been cited for criminal contempt. They may go to jail for criticizing the injunction. Unfortunately most publishers, including those of the "liberal" Chicago *Times*, which is also silent, would rather help break a Guild strike than defend the freedom of the press.

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THE HITLER-MUSSOLINI CONFERENCE AT the Brenner was followed by some very animated kite-flying in Berlin, but in neither Moscow nor Rome has there been much open response. "Well-informed sources" in the German capital fed the foreign correspondents reams of matter about the forthcoming agreement among the Reich, the Soviets, and Italy to insure the neutralization of the Balkans and checkmate Allied intrigues in that region. There followed rumors that Molotov was about to pay a visit to Berlin, but this was officially denied in Moscow. Meanwhile, Italian newspapers continued to stress Italy's "non-belligerent" role and to make nasty remarks about the Allies—a cheap and safe method of adhering to the axis. Despite this apparent lack of enthusiasm, Germany is likely to maintain its efforts to promote a triple guaranty for the neutrality of the Balkans. This would leave it free to exploit the region economically and at the same time lock up its one remaining vulnerable flank. Such an agreement, however, would be difficult to negotiate without a long-range understanding about the respective spheres of influence of the three dictator powers in the Balkans. And how are their very divergent interests to be reconciled? Stalin, pursuing his czarist forerunners' dreams of perfect security, must aim at possession of the Straits, without which the Black Sea can never be a Russian lake. But attainment of this objective would mean Russian domination of the eastern Mediterranean, where Mussolini also has ambitions. Nor is it compatible with German plans for a *Lebensraum* stretching to the Aegean.

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MEANWHILE, THE NAZIS CONTINUE TO PUT pressure on Rumania in the hope of obtaining full control of its economic resources. Once again Dr. Karl Clodius of the German Economics Ministry has descended on Bucharest with an impressive train of experts. Stories were sent abroad that he brought with him an ultimatum to the Rumanian government, which was so annoyed by these reports that it arrested several prominent persons for spreading false news and expelled the British correspondent of Reuters. The truth appears to be that Clodius merely presented some very urgent "suggestions," after which he invited the Rumanian ministers to see a film showing in gory detail the effectiveness of the German campaign in Poland. Despite these hardly subtle tactics Rumania has since sent a trade commission to London. The German demands include a more favorable exchange rate for the mark, increased oil and agricultural production and exports, and increased transport facilities —presumably to aid the shipment of Russian goods via Black Sea ports. Greater farm production requires demobilization, but Rumania is disinclined to turn from swords to plowshares while its future remains so precarious. Hence the German effort to induce Italy and Russia to join in guaranteeing Rumanian integrity. This means ignoring Hungarian claims and probably explains Premier Teleki's hurried visit to Rome.

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THE PROJECT OF A DEFENSIVE ALLIANCE of the Northern neutrals seemed from the first a rather forlorn effort to lock the door after the Finnish horse had been stolen. It is not likely to mature now that the Soviet government has plainly indicated its desire that the door be left open. That, in itself, suggests that Russia may some day find it convenient to occupy the stable. If it does, the Finns are hardly in a better position to resist than they are to withstand Moscow's "advice" regarding foreign policy. For despite brave declarations of Finland's determination to rebuild its defenses, the fact is that the terms of the peace treaty have so undermined its strategic position that its ability to hold out against renewed aggression is very doubtful. Moreover, its resources, crippled by the war and the peace, are quite inadequate to provide for both military and economic reconstruction. Half a million refugees from the ceded areas must be resettled and the damage to 370 bombed towns and villages repaired. And funds for carrying on this work must be found at a time when Finnish economy is severely handicapped by the effects of the Western war on its export markets. With Finland removed as an effective barrier between them and Russia, the anxiety of Norway and Sweden is understandable. It seems likely that, while they will have to abandon the plan for a defensive pact with Finland, they will attempt to reach a military understanding between themselves. Yet even such a limited agreement will present difficulties, since geography forces Sweden to cultivate the goodwill of Germany, while Norway, with its long Atlantic coastline, tends to pay more heed to Britain.

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AS WAS ANTICIPATED, GANDHI EMERGED from last week's All-India National Congress at Ramgarh with power to make another attempt at peaceful settlement before the civil-obedience campaign is formally initiated. If the attempt fails—and there are few who predict otherwise—Gandhi himself is to direct the campaign to free India from British rule. The decision of the Congress has not been accepted by the left-wing group under Subhas Chandra Bose, which has launched its own campaign for immediate independence. Bose

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charges that Gandhi, although avowedly standing for independence, is actually preparing the ground for a compromise with British imperialism. Gandhi's supporters insist that he is fully prepared to lead the independence drive, but that time is required not only to attempt to gain this end, if possible, by peaceful rather than coercive methods but to prepare the Indian people for a successful civil-disobedience campaign. While Gandhi has apparently not divulged his plans to anyone, it is believed that the campaign has been postponed for at least three months.

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SPECIAL AID FOR REFUGEE CHILDREN IN ALL parts of the world will be made possible through the "Children's Crusade for Children Without a Country," to be held during the week of April 22. Under the leadership of Dorothy Canfield Fisher a plan has been worked out by which each American school child, from grade to high school, will be asked to contribute as many pennies as he is years old to a fund for child refugees. The funds are to be distributed among Chinese, Polish, German, Spanish, Austrian, Czech, and Finnish refugees according to need on a basis worked out by a distinguished jury. Aside from its practical purpose of raising money for the tens of millions of children who have been rendered homeless throughout the world by the folly of adults, the campaign should also serve a useful educational purpose in acquainting American children with the predicament of children abroad.

The Reynaud Cabinet

VICTIM of a temporary combination of left and right, the Daladier Cabinet fell between two stools, meeting the usual fate of French Cabinets of the center trying to govern with a shifting majority. There would appear to have been two main issues in the latent conflict between Daladier and Reynaud which led to the crisis, namely, the inclusion of Socialists in the Cabinet and the restoration of parliamentary government. Like the French General Staff, Reynaud believes that the successful conduct of a war requires the support and cooperation of organized labor. And he has not concealed his opinion that only a government including the Socialists could make it possible to restore parliamentary government in France during the war.

A Government of National Union such as was formed at the beginning of the last war, which Reynaud desired and Daladier might have been willing to accept, was impossible because Louis Marin and his Republican Federation, the largest and most compact group of the right in the Chamber, refused to enter a Cabinet including Socialists. Daladier preferred the right to the Socialists, and about three weeks ago he planned to reconstruct his Cabinet by taking in the right and getting rid of Reynaud. The maneuver failed and led to his fall.

In the March 19 vote of the Chamber which forced Daladier to resign, the abstainers, who outnumbered the supporters of the government, included all the Socialists (155) and about a score of other deputies of the left who wanted Reynaud as Prime Minister; Marin and the whole of his group, who wished to get rid of Reynaud; and Pierre-Etienne Flandin, with half the members of his small Democratic Alliance group.

Immediately after the formation of the Reynaud Cabinet there was a Radical attempt at sabotage which must have had Daladier's support, although Daladier himself and six other Radical ministers had accepted portfolios. When the Chamber voted confidence in the new Cabinet on March 22 by a majority of 112—268 to 156—only 33 Radicals voted for the government, 7 voted against it with the right, and 70 were among the 111 abstainers. It was no doubt planned that the Radical ministers should resign and force Reynaud's resignation, but again the maneuver failed. All the members of the government pledged themselves to loyal support of the Prime Minister—it must have been a bitter pill for Daladier to swallow—and the government decided to remain in office.

The Reynaud Cabinet is a great improvement on its predecessor. The elimination of Georges Bonnet, Munichois par excellence, would alone justify satisfaction, but it is far from being the only gain. The new Prime Minister is immensely superior to the sham strong man and intriguing small-town politician whom he succeeds; indeed, he is probably the best Prime Minister that could be found in France at this moment. A man of great intelligence, with a ready wit and an independent mind, he is a realist in the best sense of that term. He is also a man of decision who knows what he wants and usually knows how to get it. Reynaud was formerly a member of the Democratic Alliance but left it a few years ago on account of Flandin's pro-Nazi tendencies, and he is now an Independent. He was opposed to Munich and was one of the four members of the Daladier Cabinet who resigned in September, 1938, after Chamberlain's visit to Berchtesgaden but unfortunately withdrew their resignations under pressure from Daladier. The other three—César Campinchi, Georges Mandel, and Henri Queuille—are all members of the new Cabinet. Reynaud was a strong supporter of close relations with the U. S. S. R. until Stalin turned his coat.

The new government includes five Socialists—three ministers and two under secretaries. Georges Monnet, the the new Minister for the Blockade, is one of the best men in the Socialist Party. Albert Sérol, Bonnet's Socialist successor as Minister of Justice, should give France less repression and fewer prosecutions for political offenses. The appointment of Louis-Oscar Frossard as Minister of

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Information should turn out to be a good one. He has had a checkered political career, for he has been successively a Socialist and a Communist and now belongs to the Socialist Republican Party, a halfway house between the Radicals and the Socialists. But he is very intelligent and may be expected to give more freedom to the press and to make the censorship a little less stupid than it has hitherto been.

Reynaud himself takes the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. He will have a strong team of collaborators at the Quai d'Orsay. The new Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Auguste Champetier de Ribes, is one of the deputies of the right who definitely opposed Munich. Coulondre, who was French ambassador to Berlin until the war, and is now, for all practical purposes, though not officially, permanent head of the Quai d'Orsay, is one of the ablest men in the French diplomatic service and may be trusted to recommend a sound policy.

The French ministerial crisis is not a sign of the weakness of French democracy, as the German, Italian, and Russian press pretend, but on the contrary a sign of its strength. During the last war France had about half a dozen different Cabinets, and the frequent changes did no harm. Reynaud's position is not yet secure, and he will have a tough job to keep in office, but there are already signs that French public opinion is on his side. The maneuvers of the Radicals have been severely condemned by newspapers of all shades of opinion. One of the few exceptions is the *Journal des Débats,* which belongs to François de Wendel, president of the Comité des Forges and a member of the international gang of financiers and big business men who were the real progenitors of appeasement. Its opposition is a compliment to the Cabinet.

The Fifth Avenue "Riot"

LAST week's "riot" in front of the French consulate in New York reflected little credit on either the city administration or the pickets who were attempting to protest against alleged French persecution of the Spanish refugees. The police action in suppressing the picketing was reminiscent of Mussolini's great victory over Albania. A cordon of five hundred men, mounted and afoot, was thrown around Rockefeller Center more than five hours before the picketing was scheduled to begin. When the pickets appeared, twenty-three in all, including several women, they were pounced upon with such violence that several bystanders were injured.

The general resentment against the brutality of the police has undoubtedly been tempered, however, by doubts regarding the purpose and desirability of the protest. The pretext for the demonstration was an order supposed to have been issued by General Menard at Daladier's behest calling for the immediate expulsion from France of all Spanish refugees who refuse to enlist in the French army or accept military labor service. The French government declares that the report of the order was deliberately "faked" by Communists for political purposes. It insists that there has been no change in French policy toward the refugees and that there is no intention to close the camps in which some 150,000 are still provided for. The facts of the situation are difficult to obtain. Julio Alvarez del Vayo, whose article on conditions in Franco's Spain appears elsewhere in this issue, has made a public statement defending the French treatment of the refugees, and his position is fully backed by Negrín. Nevertheless, it is known that the French have interfered on numerous occasions with refugee services. Several months ago Bonnet ordered a raid on S. E. R. E., the official Spanish relief organization, and its activities in getting refugees to Latin America have been hampered. Although the refugees have not been "forced" back into Spain, tens of thousands have returned under pressure. The Menard order may have been a "fake," but some doubt regarding the full accuracy of the French denial is justified.

But even if we were to assume the authenticity of the Menard order, we should still question the wisdom and sincerity of such a demonstration as that staged before the consulate. Criticism which does not recognize that the French, for all their mistakes, have done more than any other people for the refugees is politically suspect. The French government's denial concerning the order was in itself a statement of policy, and the demonstration which followed could only have been motivated, therefore, by considerations that had little to do with the plight of the refugees. The change in the French government which brings the pro-Loyalist Paul Reynaud to power and eliminates Bonnet promises a sounder handling of the problem; and if any further pressure is needed to assure fair treatment of the refugees, it will not come with any effectiveness from the Communist-inspired group which staged the demonstration.

Such tactics do the refugees considerable harm. They obviously make it more difficult to raise money for their cause. Anti-Loyalist groups delight in charging that sums given for the refugees have been diverted for political ends. The fact that the accusation is untrue does not stop it from being circulated. Fortunately, there was no connection between the demonstration and the Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign, which is the primary agency collecting funds to aid the refugees. We are glad to note that this organization, despite partisan statements issued in the name of some of its local committees, has kept its head through the recent charges and countercharges and is devoting its energies to obtaining funds for relief of the refugees and for transporting them to the countries that are willing to receive them.

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Wire-Tapping and FBI

THE NATION is glad that the Senate has given unanimous approval to the resolution calling for an investigation into wire-tapping by governmental and private agencies, including the FBI. We have been urging an inquiry to prevent a revival of the abuses that marked the Palmer era. The Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, in reporting the resolution favorably, stressed this aspect of the investigation when it said, "Wire-tapping, dictographing, and similar devices are especially dangerous at the present time because of the recent resurgence of a spy system conducted by government police. Persons who have committed no crime but whose economic and political views and activities may be obnoxious to the present incumbents of law-enforcement offices are being investigated and catalogued." The reference is to the card index of "radicals" being compiled in the Dilling manner by J. Edgar Hoover.

As Senator Wheeler declared in announcing the appointment of five members of the Committee on Interstate Commerce as a subcommittee for his investigation, "We have a law upon the statute books which prohibits wire-tapping. The Department of Justice should rigidly enforce it, and prosecutions should be had of all those violating the statute regardless of who they might be." Now, many are suspected, but only one agency is known to have violated the law. That agency is the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The Attorney General's statement, issued shortly after the Senate committee voted favorably on the resolution for an inquiry, admitted that the FBI had been tapping telephone wires and ordered the practice ended. That order comes just six years after Congress passed a law forbidding wire-tapping under any circumstances by any agency.

Obviously the place for the new inquiry to begin is within the shadow of the Capitol, in the offices of the Department of Justice. Yet Senator Stewart, chairman of the subcommittee which will handle the investigation, now declares that lack of funds will prevent an inquiry into the FBI. It is true that the subcommittee has only $15,000 to begin its work, but the very fact that its funds are limited would seem to dictate that it begin with the FBI, for that is nearest, easiest, and most important. We realize that there are special situations in Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New York, and Massachusetts which require attention. In those states wire-tapping is suspected; at the Department of Justice wire-tapping is admitted.

We think that the first witness summoned before the committee ought to be J. Edgar Hoover. And the first question asked should be: "By what authority did you tap telephone wires after Congress had made wire-tapping a felony?"

Notes on Puerto Rico, III

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IF POLITICAL corruption is a chronic disease in Puerto Rico, poverty provides the constitutional debility in which the germ flourishes. The slums on the outskirts of Puerto Rican towns create an effect of physical collapse and depression so overwhelming that no contrast of mountains and rich canefields can wipe it out. The country slums seem better only because the flimsy shacks are open to sun and air. Comfortable small farmsteads exist, but they are few in comparison with the huts of field and town workers, so few that one exclaims with pleasure over houses that would seem at least shabby even in the depressed areas of the South. A large part of Puerto Rico's workers live in permanent "jungles"—shanty towns that have been accepted as the accustomed housing arrangements of one of the most thickly populated areas in the world.

The United States attempted no important improvements in the wages and living standards of Puerto Rico's workers for thirty-seven years. In 1935 the New Deal, personified on the island by the Puerto Rican Reconstruction Administration, made a start. First under the direction of Ernest Gruening, who was also the head of the Division of Territories and Island Possessions in the Interior Department, and later under the direct control of Miles H. Fairbank as Assistant Administrator, the PRRA has carried out large-scale projects in a dozen different fields. It has initiated agricultural experiment stations, built several housing developments, improved public-health work, begun to distribute small plots of land to farm laborers. It has acquired and is operating cooperatively a sizable sugar *central* and has launched several other cooperative enterprises. It built and now operates a major hydroelectric plant and is developing a broad rural-electrification program. More recently the wage-hour law has put pressure on Puerto Rican employers to pay a more nearly living wage to their workers. Opinion as to the success of the industrial ventures and the practicability of the wage-hour provisions in a depressed colonial economy varies all the way from extreme hostility and contempt to partisan enthusiasm, depending on the politics and economic status of the observer. Both are probably of more value as education than as yardsticks of achievement.

A drive around the island provides a good chart of its problems. Follow the road that leads from San Juan to the south coast over the central mountain range, and you see it laid before your eyes: canefields that stretch off over hilltops long since denuded of trees; roads jammed with cane trucks and walking human beings and livestock so that every steep curve hides a possible casu-

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alty; huts built of unpainted wood open at every seam, roofed with tin or thatch and plastered with advertising signs. Towns, fringed with wide areas of one- or two-room shacks, with small shabby dwellings along the side streets, and at the center a pleasant plaza flanked by church and shops and public buildings. On the higher hills you find coffee—a hopelessly depressed crop—fruits, vanilla. Bananas grow at almost all levels. You move through the island and store up variegated impressions leading, no doubt, to many unsound conclusions. But of one thing you are sure at every twist in the road—there are too many people and they are desperately poor.

We visited the Lafayette Central—controversial focus of the PRRA's attempts to alter the island economy. It is impressive to the eye—a large mill and eighteen thousand acres of cane land, part of which is leased to individual farmers and part operated by the *central*. The whole is a cooperative enterprise of rather intricate structure. As an important feature of the venture—though separately administered—the PRRA has built for the workers a large number of small concrete dwellings, each with an acre of land, clustering about community centers which comprise schools and shops and clinics and rooms for meetings and entertainment. The head of the housing development and the manager of the mill, both Puerto Ricans, led us through this impressive social-economic experiment station. Their interest and devotion to the idea behind the venture were contagious, but they were quick to acknowledge weaknesses. Although the *central* is making a small profit, it has not reached a level of efficiency comparable with competing commercial mills. This they attribute largely to the need of educating the workers to an understanding of the nature of the enterprise. "When they learned that they owned the plant, their first idea was, Why work? Owners don't have to work." These men questioned, somewhat, the wisdom of trying to apply strict cooperative methods to a large-scale industrial-agricultural venture run largely by unskilled, uneducated labor. But they maintained against all criticism the present educational value of Lafayette and its future importance as an economic example.

An independent fruit planter in the hills told us the undertaking was a failure from every point of view. "The *jibaro*," he said, "won't take instruction. He doesn't want land for growing ground crops. He hates and fears concrete houses—thinks they're cold and damp and far inferior to a wood or thatch shack. I've tried all those things. I offered my workers land and the seed to put in it. They didn't want the land and they ate the seed. I've tried to improve their health too—used to treat them for hookworm. But if they won't wear shoes, what's the use of curing their hookworm? They come around once a week now and down a dose of epsom salts and go off satisfied."

But the experience at Lafayette is different. At first, workers looked at the new houses with suspicion and resented instruction in planting and terracing and improving the land. Gradually they learned to take pride in both land and house, and social workers and agricultural inspectors are now welcomed. The results are manifest. Bougainvilleas and other vines grow over the porches, and the gardens are almost all well tended. And a long waiting list of applicants for houses is evidence of the changed feeling. But it must be admitted that education and some degree of paternal supervision are a necessary part of any successful social reform in Puerto Rico. It is too much to ask a family that has had no experience of either sanitation or order, that has lived in a shack on beans and rice, that has owned no land and planted only for another man's profit, to adapt itself suddenly to cooperative methods, a vegetable garden, and a two-room concrete house with a privy.

What can be done about Puerto Rico's desperate poverty? PRRA methods should be continued, however marginal their effect. And the people should be educated to levels that will make them capable of absorbing and using new social ideas. But, in addition, the country must be freed from the political diseases that are racking it.

Theoretically Puerto Rico is a democracy in spite of its ambiguous status as a possession of the United States. The citizens vote for their legislators—they cannot, of course, vote for federal officials—and some other insular office-holders. The *jibaro*, by age-old and accepted custom, sells his vote. He may get fifty cents for it, but he may get as much as two dollars, more than half a week's wages. He probably doesn't stop to ask where the party leaders get the money with which they buy his cross-mark; but even if he figures that they get it from the sugar companies and other business interests, it doesn't make much difference to him. Whoever wins the election, he goes on getting his forty or sixty cents a day for as many days as he has work. If he is a cane worker, his degree of hunger depends largely on a quota set in Washington; and he never even heard of Mr. Wallace. So he sells his vote, and the politicians play their ancient game with favors and jobs and contracts and money, and pay little or no attention—in office or out—to the hunger of the *jibaro*.

Control of the island legislature is now held by a coalition of the Union and Socialist parties. The Socialists are well to the right of the A. F. of L. and have no trouble coalescing with the most reactionary political group on the island. The Liberals are the opposition. Recently the Liberal Party split, and Luis Muñoz Marín, a prominent leader who had played a large part in building up the PRRA, has formed a new group, the Partido Popular Democrático. He took with him a good part of the following and the local machinery of the Liberals, and he

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has gone to the country on a platform of economic and social reform, paralleling in some degree the ideas that underlie the program of the PRRA. But his actual appeal is simpler than that. He is asking the *jibaro* not to sell his vote, and explaining why he should not do so. For a little more than a year he has been carrying into every corner of the country a gospel of honest elections to give the control of the country back to the people. He does not confine his campaign to speechmaking. When a worker tells him that the boss in the *central* refused to pay him the legal rate under the wage-hour law and that the last man who kicked had lost his job, Muñoz provides legal services to try to collect the worker's back pay. When he succeeds, when the man actually collects $100 or $200 owed him, the story runs like lightning through the countryside. And in his next speech Muñoz tells about it himself and draws a simplified moral: The mill-owner may have provided the $2 that Juan was paid for his vote last fall, but why did he do it? So that no one would interfere when he robbed Juan of the $200 he should have paid him. The further moral is even more easily learned: next November Juan will vote the ticket of the Partido Popular Democrático.

Luis Muñoz Marín believes his party, although only a couple of years old, is already the biggest single party in Puerto Rico. The registration of new voters a few months ago provided a partial test, giving Muñoz 40 per cent of the total. He admits that the elections may tell a different story, especially now that the old parties are warned and may coalesce against him. But that his strength is growing everyone admits; and many Liberal leaders are trying to climb aboard the new machine.

Critics of Muñoz—and there are many—charge him with demagoguery. They say he is a rabble-rouser like Huey Long, making the same sort of appeal to an ignorant electorate. They charge him with personal instability. Even some of his good friends admit that he is easily discouraged—a magnificent campaigner and leader as long as things go well but likely to give up in the face of serious setbacks. It is agreed by friends and foes alike that his party is a one-man show and entirely dependent on his leadership. I am not in a position to judge how far these opinions are justified, but I can testify to the magnetism of the man and the effect of his appeal.

One night we drove across the island to a small village on the southern coast. There under torches and a moon, with the Caribbean as background and a dark mass of Puerto Rican workers as audience, the Partido Popular Democrático held a performance. First one of Muñoz's henchmen spoke briefly and with conventional passion about the party and its intention to draw workers and farmers from every other party and form one great organization standing for the rights of the common people. He told the crowd how to vote, and made no bones about it. Muñoz played an entirely different role. He demanded no votes. He only explained to his absorbed listeners the need of choosing men for office who would take care of their interests instead of selling their votes to men who would naturally take care of the interests of the fellows who put up the money. He explained who they were, what they got out of it. He used homely examples, small words. It was the simplest sort of lesson in elementary democracy. The audience responded with quick laughter, tremendous applause. There could be no doubt that they understood and believed him.

Whether Muñoz Marín is successful or not, such instruction cannot be entirely wasted. Basic social reforms in Puerto Rico cannot be made until the people learn the rudiments of self-government. To elect officials who are not owned by the old parties and the interests that finance them is only a beginning. After that comes the task of formulating and driving through a workable program. But an electorate that does not sell its vote is the prerequisite for all that must follow.

Next week I shall comment on the independence problem and on the attitude of Puerto Ricans toward the new Governor, Admiral Leahy.

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What I Believe

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

[*In the fight against his appointment to teach advanced logic and the philosophy of mathematics at the College of the City of New York, Bertrand Russell's opponents have accused him of promulgating a moral code ranging from bolshevism to the advocacy of "eternal triangles." To refresh the public mind on Mr. Russell's real beliefs we are glad to reprint his own views as written for* The Nation *of April 29, 1931.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Bertrand Russell

THE answer to such a question as What do you believe? is generally expected to consist of two parts: the first explaining one's views as to the nature of the world, the second one's opinions as to how human life should be conducted. The man who invents some fallacious and fantastic argument to show that since the world is such and such, conduct ought to be so and so is considered to show greater profundity than the man who perceives that the two questions have nothing to do with each other. Academic philosophers, ever since the time of Parmenides, have believed that the world is a unity. This view has been taken over from them by clergymen and journalists, and its acceptance has been considered the touchstone of wisdom. The most fundamental of my beliefs is that this is rubbish. I think the universe is all spots and jumps, without unity, without continuity, without coherence or orderliness or any of the other properties that governesses love.

Indeed, there is little but prejudice and habit to be said for the view that there is a world at all. Physicists have recently advanced opinions which should have led them to agree with the foregoing remarks; but they have been so pained by the conclusions to which logic would have led them that they have been abandoning logic for theology in shoals. Every day some new physicist publishes a new pious volume to conceal from himself and others the fact that in his scientific capacity he has plunged the world into unreason and unreality. To take an illustration: What are we to think of the sun? He used to be the glorious lamp of heaven, a golden-haired god, a being to be worshiped by Zoroastrians and Aztecs and Incas. There is some reason to think that the doctrines of Zoroaster inspired Kepler's heliocentric cosmogony. But now the sun is nothing but waves of probability. If you ask what it is that is probable, or in what ocean the waves travel, the physicist, like the Mad Hatter, replies, "I have had enough of this; suppose we change the subject." If, however, you press him, he will say that the waves are in his formulae, and his formulae are in his head, from which, however, you must not infer that the waves are in his head.

To speak seriously: such orderliness as we appear to find in the external world seems to be due to our own passion for pigeonholes, and it is quite doubtful whether there are such things as laws of nature. It is a curious sign of the times that religious apologists welcome this view. In the eighteenth century they welcomed the reign of law, since they thought that laws implied a Lawgiver, but religious apologists in the present day seem to be of opinion that a world created by a Deity must be irrational, on the ground, apparently, that they themselves have been made in God's image. The reconciliation of religion and science which professors proclaim and bishops acclaim rests, in fact, on grounds of quite another sort, and might be set forth in the following practical syllogism: Science depends upon endowments, and endowments are threatened by bolshevism, therefore science is threatened by bolshevism; but religion also is threatened by bolshevism; therefore religion and science are allies. It follows, of course, that science, if pursued with sufficient profundity, reveals the existence of a God. Nothing so logical as this penetrates, however, to the consciousness of the pious professors.

The odd thing is that, at the very moment when physics, which is the fundamental science, is undermining the whole structure of applied reason and presenting us with a world of unreal and fantastic dreams in place of the Newtonian order and solidity, applied science is becoming peculiarly useful and more able than ever to give results of value to human life. There is here a paradox of which possibly the intellectual solution may be found hereafter, or, equally possibly, no solution may exist. The fact is that science plays two quite distinct roles: on the one hand as a metaphysic, and on the other hand as educated common sense. As a metaphysic it has been undermined by its own success. Mathematical technique is now so powerful that it can find a formula for

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even the most erratic world. Plato and Sir James Jeans think that because geometry applies to the world, God must have made the world on a geometrical pattern, but the mathematical logician suspects that God could not have made a world containing many things without exposing it to the skill of the geometer. In fact, the applicability of geometry to the physical world has ceased to be a fact about that world, and has become only a tribute to the geometer's cleverness. The only thing that the geometer needs is multiplicity, whereas the only thing the theologian needs is unity. Of unity, however vague, however tenuous, I see no evidence in modern science considered as a metaphysic. But modern science considered as common sense remains triumphant, indeed more triumphant than ever before.

In view of this state of affairs, it is necessary to make a sharp distinction between metaphysical beliefs and practical beliefs in regard to the conduct of life. In metaphysics my creed is short and simple. I think that the external world may be an illusion, but if it exists, it consists of events short, small, and haphazard. Order, unity, and continuity are human inventions just as truly as are catalogues and encyclopedias. But human inventions can, within limits, be made to prevail in our human world, and in the conduct of our daily life we may with advantage forget the realm of chaos and old night by which we are perhaps surrounded.

In human beings three things seem to me to be particularly desirable. They are scientific method, friendly feelings, and interest in life or the world. Let us begin with scientific method.

The ultimate metaphysical doubts which we have been considering have no bearing whatever upon the practical uses of science. If a Mendelian develops a variety of wheat which is immune from diseases that are destructive to the older varieties, if a physiologist makes a discovery about vitamins, if a chemist makes a discovery about the scientific production of nitrates, the importance and usefulness of their work is quite independent of the question whether an atom consists of a miniature solar system, or a wave of probability, or an infinite rectangle of integers. When I speak of the importance of scientific method in regard to the conduct of human life, I am thinking of scientific method in its mundane forms. Not that I would undervalue science as a metaphysic, but the value of science as metaphysic belongs in another sphere. It belongs with religion and art and love, with the pursuit of the beatific vision, with the Promethean madness that leads the greatest men to strive to become gods. Perhaps the only ultimate value of human life is to be found in this Promethean madness. But it is a value that is religious, not political or even moral, and at the present moment it is of morals and politics that I wish to speak.

Scientific method as an ingredient in everyday life consists of the habit of basing opinions upon evidence rather than upon emotion or tradition. The agriculturist who employs the methods that he learned from his father and his grandfather is likely to be indignant with the urban whippersnapper who sets to work to instruct him. Frequently the latter is ignorant of something essential and is apparently overwhelmed by the shrewd man of practical experience. Nevertheless, he is likely to possess some new piece of knowledge which, if it can be incorporated with experience, will lead to an important improvement on traditional methods. Uneducated mothers imagine that nature has taught them how to bring up their infants, and are indignant when male experts offer them advice. No doubt the male experts would be a failure if they tried to bring up infants themselves. Nevertheless, on many points, such as fixed hours of feeding, their advice has now been accepted by all intelligent women. The main principle of the scientific method is that emotion, like what the soldier said, is not evidence. If this could be more widely recognized, it would not only improve the technique of the arts and of education, but would go far to solve international problems, which are rendered intractable by the substitution of patriotic emotion for a sober survey of facts. Emotion has its sphere, since it decides the ends to which our activities are to be devoted, but it should not be allowed to obscure our vision as to the means for realizing those ends.

Scientific method is closely connected with the social virtue of impartiality. Piaget, in his book on "Judgment and Reasoning in the Child," contends that the reasoning faculty is a product of the social sense. Every child, he says, begins with a dream of omnipotence, in which all facts are bent to his wishes. Gradually, through contact with others, he is forced to the realization that their wishes may be opposed to his, and that his wishes are not invariably arbiters of truth. Reasoning, according to Piaget, develops as a method of arriving at a social truth upon which all can agree. This condition is, I think, largely valid, and emphasizes one great merit of the scientific method—namely, that it tends to avoid those intractable disputes which arise when private emotion is regarded as the test of truth. Piaget ignores another aspect of scientific method—namely, that it gives power over the environment and also power of adaptation to the environment. It may be, for example, an advantage to be able to predict the weather, and if one man is right on this point while all his companions are wrong, the advantage nevertheless remains with him, though a purely social definition of truth would compel us to regard him as in the wrong. It is success in this practical test of power over the environment, or adaptation to it, which has given science its prestige. The Chinese emperors repeatedly refrained from persecuting the Jesuits

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because the latter were in the right as to the dates of eclipses when the Chinese astronomers were in the wrong. All modern life is built upon this practical success of science, at any rate where the inanimate world is concerned. It has had hitherto less success in direct applications to man, and it therefore still meets with opposition from traditional beliefs where man is concerned, but it cannot well be doubted that if our civilization survives, man also will soon come to be viewed scientifically. This will have a great effect upon education and the criminal law, perhaps also on family life. Such developments, however, belong to the future.

The power over the environment which science gives is not necessarily a good thing; the stock instance to the contrary is war. If science gives a nation the power to wipe out an enemy capital within a few hours of the outbreak of war, the gain to mankind is problematical. Whether scientific power is to be a boon or a curse depends upon the dominant emotions of those who wield it. Hitherto hatred and cruelty have always played a very large part in human life. Education and the criminal law have at most times been so ferocious as to defeat their supposed ends; that is to say, boys have been stupider, and criminals more criminal, than they would have been if they had been more kindly treated. Similarly, when nations go to war nominally for economic ends, both sides are impoverished, and it is clear that hatred has blinded them to their true interests. The more scientific power men acquire, the more important it becomes that they should wield this power for good rather than for evil. How they will wield power depends upon their dominant emotions: if these emotions are friendly, they will wield it well; if hostile, badly.

The problem is therefore presented to the men of science to devise a method of generating friendly feeling in the mass of mankind and more especially in the holders of power. The method of direct exhortation, which has been favored by the founders of religions, has not proved very effective, and it is clear that quite other methods are required. A considerable period of experimentation will be necessary before anything can be said positively on this subject, but it is clear that among the factors concerned are diet, instinctive satisfaction, and skill in constructive work. Probably a radical transformation of the economic system is also necessary. I have no doubt whatever that methods could be devised for creating a world in which most men had friendly feelings toward other men, but I think rivers of blood will have to flow before the holders of power will allow such a world to be created, and I am doubtful whether rivers of blood are the right kind of rivers to water the tender plant of human kindness.

When I speak of the necessity of friendly feelings, I emphatically do not mean unselfishness. Unselfishness is, of course, a vague word which is incapable of any precise meaning, but at any rate it always involves control of the feelings by the will. Traditional ethics emphasize the will far too much; emotions and sentiments are far more important than will. The type of person that should be produced is a type that spontaneously, without self-control, wishes to do what in fact is in the general interest, not the type that is filled with destructive wishes kept in check by an iron self-control. Destructive wishes, where they exist strongly, will find an outlet somehow, usually by generating beliefs which justify cruel actions. Useful emotions are produced not by preaching, but by physiological means and by wise conditioning.

This technique applies not only to friendly feelings but also to interest in life. There are many moderns in whom zest is lacking: they live more or less virtuously, but with a minimum of enjoyment. This is usually due to the fact that they force themselves by an effort of will to live in a way which is contrary to powerful emotions, of which they may or may not be conscious. An indispensable psychological condition for interest in life is a certain emotional harmony which makes it unnecessary to suppress certain emotions in order to gratify certain others. The most frequent conflict is between sexual emotions and desire for the respect of neighbors. Wherever such conflicts are strong, they are likely to produce either listlessness or rage: a man will either lose all interest in life or will find his chief pleasure in punishing those who have enjoyed the pleasures which he has denied himself. To keep alive the spontaneous play of interest and the flow of friendly feeling, it is necessary that as far as possible such fundamental emotional conflicts should be avoided. This requires partly an adaptation of the individual to the community, but partly also an adaptation of the community to the individual. To avoid emotional conflicts in the individual, it is sometimes best to adopt such methods of education as will prevent certain desires from growing up, but at other times it is best to alter public morality in such a way that desires previously incompatible shall cease to be so. The latter is the best method wherever public morality condemns acts which would be harmless if they were not condemned.

I believe that the substitution of a scientific for a religious technique in the production of virtue may prove to be of enormous importance. Moralists hitherto have been extraordinarily unsuccessful in producing the type of character that they said they desired. The growth of psychology and biochemistry is likely to give us in the not too distant future a far greater power of molding character than mankind has ever hitherto possessed. Like the power over inanimate nature, this new power over human nature may be used either for good or for evil. I do not profess to know in which way it will be used, but if it is used for evil, our scientific civilization will not long survive.

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Men Who Would Be President

III. PRETTY BOY McNUTT

BY MILTON S. MAYER

WE LIBERALS danced in the streets back in January, 1933, when Governor Paul V. McNutt mounted his legislature and rode it over the corpse of constitutional procedure in the sovereign commonwealth of Indiana. "This," Governor McNutt told his fellow-citizens in his inaugural address, "is a testing time for representative government"; the following day he assembled his Reichstag and instructed the members in the representative art of voting *Ja.* And we liberals cheered.

For McNutt was a New Dealer, and what did it matter if he drew up decrees at five in the morning and pronounced them law at noon? "Bills of Rights" for labor, for the poor, for the schools, for the aged were rammed through the legislature with rules suspended, debate curtailed, and amendments forbidden. Indiana, under benevolent tyranny, caught up with and passed nearly every state in the country in social legislation. By March 3, the day of Franklin Roosevelt's inauguration, the New Deal was a fact in Indiana and the legislators had been dismissed. By midsummer we liberals were talking, and writing, of McNutt as Roosevelt's successor in 1940.

McNutt had the same idea. At the age of eight, according to the legend around Martinsville, Indiana, he decided he would rather be President than right. Maybe he will never be either, but we liberals who thought he was right in 1933 have to concede him the privilege of thinking he will be President in 1940.

The word for McNutt is "effective," and there is, more often than not, a connection between effectiveness and tyranny, despotic or benevolent. He was effective as governor. He anticipated the New Deal by anywhere from two months to two years. "Relief is our first problem. We must make every resource available. We cannot wait and we dare not fail." That was January 10, 1933, and relief in Indiana was at once made adequate and, to a surprising extent, non-political. The schools, all of them down to eight-month terms and most of them facing three-month terms or closing altogether, were put on their feet with state support. "Roads and buildings may wait, but not the children."

And so on down the line. Everything that labor had fought for and had won in only the most progressive states it got in Indiana under McNutt—everything from ratification of the child-labor amendment to a little Norris-LaGuardia Act. Workmen's compensation was liberalized and old-age pensions were established, not under Roosevelt in 1935 but under McNutt in 1933. The loan-shark racket was scotched. Utilities rates were reduced, and McNutt's rural-electrification program increased the percentage of electrified farms from 11.7 in 1934 to 36.7 in 1939. "Unalterably opposed to the principle of a sales tax," McNutt gaveled through a 1 per cent gross-income tax with a $1,000 exemption. The property tax was cut as a sop to conservative owners of homes and farms. Liquor revenue and the acceleration of economic activity pulled Indiana out of the hole.

There is proof that he balanced the budget and proof that he didn't, and proof that it's a good thing to do and proof that it isn't. In the past few months he has soft-pedaled the budget balancing in his campaign publicity, and for obvious reasons. In an early blurb last year he described his inauguration as follows: "Indiana was facing bankruptcy, its budget unbalanced." Now that's no way for a New Deal candidate to talk, and last month McNutt told the Boston Chamber of Commerce: "To incur further debts and carry an unbalanced national budget year after year, in the face of economic folkways and *mores* acquired over the centuries, demands both courage and vision."

McNutt's reorganization of the state government, which was drawn up in an all-night session of spoilsmen at the Indianapolis Club and enacted into law before a single legislator could have read it, should have warned us liberals that our platinum-headed boy was a dangerous man. All elective offices were abolished except those of eight departmental administrators elective under the constitution, and these eight were deprived of their power through the reduction of a hundred-and-some departments to eight administrative agencies under boards appointed by the governor. The act gave McNutt blanket authority to transfer any function or fund from one department to another, abolished the State Board of Finance, and transferred its duties to the Treasury, which McNutt controlled through an appointive board.

What McNutt wanted was power, and he didn't stop at the reorganization of the state to get it. There is no point in exposing Paul McNutt here; he has been exposed and reexposed, and everybody in the country knows all about it. But there is something new to be said on each of the three counts on which he has been

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found guilty—the use of troops to break strikes, the degradation of the state personnel by the use and abuse of the spoils system, and the extortion of campaign funds from employees, contractors, and beneficiaries of special legislation.

McNutt's use of troops in the 1933 general strike in Terre Haute aroused liberals throughout the country.

Paul McNutt

If McNutt is never elected President, he will owe his failure to such relatively small voices as those of Norman Thomas and *The Nation*. Thomas hung the nickname of "Hoosier Hitler" on a man whose own name was bad enough, and the whole country, even mild conservatives, picked up the euphony. McNutt's New Dealism was quickly forgotten as the "Hoosier Hitler" tag caught on, and millions of Americans suppose to day that the man has an unbroken record of black reaction. "I don't know much about him," one of the most influential New Dealers said to me a week ago, 'but I have the impression that the man's a fascist." The same official's assistant said: "He sure went down the line for us in '33."

Terre Haute put McNutt on the spot. Labor leaders who are not hysterical agree with sympathizing experts in government that somebody has got to get tough when a city can't get food and milk. The law compelled McNutt to send troops on the written appeal of the local authorities. R. Clyde White, the federal conciliator in the situation, says that McNutt wished to withdraw the proclamation almost from the day order was restored, but that the civil authorities refused to take responsibility.

McNutt's hands are so clean in the Terre Haute affair that when John Lewis attacks him as a strike-breaker McNutt blandly pretends that Lewis is referring, unjustly, to the Terre Haute strike. But Lewis is referring to Sullivan County, which McNutt never mentions. McNutt's predecessor had sent a company of troops into the high-cost mining area around Jasonville in July, 1932. McNutt refused to remove them. The companies were selling miners, as they say in Indiana, instead of coal. On October 8, 1933, there was the usual "riot"—a union picket killed—and on the following day McNutt proclaimed the entire area a military district. For twenty-eight months no assembly was permitted, no unauthorized ingress or egress, no picketing, no exercise of civil authority.

McNutt fired 2,500 state employees during his first week in office, and it is not hard to believe the charge that he hired 3,500 during his second. There was nothing new or uniquely corrupt about this in American government, but McNutt went to new extremes. McNutt was effective. Even the state library, previously immune, was swept out, and only the ferocious protest of medical men saved the nationally respected superintendent of a state mental institution. Thirty legislators were given state jobs in open violation of the constitution. The beer law, for the like of which one must go back to the tax-farming of the Bourbon kings, set up exclusive "importers" in each of the state's twelve districts and licensed liquor salesmen; every job went to a McNutt man, and the deal wasn't unilateral.

Money matters McNutt assigned to the management of Frank McHale (lawyer for liquor interests, receiverships, banks) and Bowman Elder (furniture, real estate, receiverships). McHale was Democratic state committeeman; Elder, treasurer of the American Legion. They have been McNutt's back-room men for fifteen years, and neither of them suffers from hyper-idealism. In Indiana everybody is sure—though nobody except McNutt, McHale, Elder, and, possibly, the United States Treasury is in a position to know—that there have been deals in everything, from cement to soap bubbles. The McNutt war chest, which is not to be confused with the funds of the Two Per Cent Club, brings in $200,000 or so a year.

The Two Per Cent Club nets another $200,000 or $225,000 a year, but this shouldn't shock anyone over ten. Every state, every county, every city hall in the country has a Two Per Cent Club. If the Democrats have more of them than the Republicans, it merely means that the Democrats have fewer fat cats and are really more democratic. "It costs money to run a political organization," McNutt's friends explain. "You get it from the steel companies in Gary or the coal people downstate or the railroads in Indianapolis—or you get it the way McNutt gets it, openly and honestly, and with no favors to repay to the big interests."

True, but there are a couple of blemishes on the portrait of St. Paul McNutt. In the first place, he "gets it," as he does everything, more effectively than anybody else. Jobholders in some places, including departments in Washington, may refuse to kick in; others may be so poor that the machine is ashamed to put the bite on them. In Indiana everybody kicks in, and a janitor supporting five kids on $800 a year comes through with his 2 per cent or, after forty years of peonage, out he goes. In the second place, McNutt also gets it from the "interests." And it is not the Two Per Cent Club that the Bureau of Internal Revenue is investigating; it is the war chest. It is doubtful whether Mr. Roosevelt will let the Attorney General blow the lid off Indiana before the election—the Kelly-Nash fireworks in Chicago, ig-

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nited some months ago by Mr. Murphy, seem to be a bit damp—but James A. Farley, who hates McNutt, has had his own investigators in Indiana and will enter the Democratic convention with some very interesting reading matter in his pocket.

McNutt is consumed by ambition. He would trade his grandmother for the South Dakota delegation. And, as I have said, he is effective. They may have laughed when he went out to win the presidency of the Epworth League at the age of twelve—but he won it. They may have laughed when he proposed himself for president of his high-school class and hero of the class play, when he nominated himself for editor of the student paper and president of the student council at Indiana University, when he suggested that he be made dean of the Indiana Law School, commander of his Legion post, of the American Legion—but he won every time. They're laughing now, and he's nominating himself for President.

You have to understand Indiana to understand McNutt. Indiana can show more piety and fraud than Kansas. Its politics stink worse than those of Ohio or Pennsylvania, and its worst men almost always rise to the top. Of the four Republican governors preceding McNutt, one went to the penitentiary and another was saved by the statute of limitations.

In addition to being an Indiana politician, ambitious and effective, McNutt is intelligent. After making Phi Beta Kappa at Indiana and Coif at Harvard, he maneuvered his way up from instructor—with time out for a World War training camp—to dean of the Indiana Law School at the age of thirty-four. Indiana is a political university, but McNutt raised admission standards, strengthened the faculty, and did some legal research of his own. He did all this with his left hand, because his right was busy grabbing the mitt or coat-tail of every legionnaire in the land. During his year as state commander he traveled 40,000 miles and attended Legion conventions in nineteen states. During his year as national commander he delivered 1,300 speeches—all of them hooey and all of them loaded with militarism and "Americanism." Though he is bitterly hated by the Legion minority, which is sure that he used the organization for political purposes, the Legion constitutes an auxiliary machine in his campaign.

When he left the governorship, he left McHale and Elder in charge of the state, set up a figurehead named Townsend to take his place in Indianapolis, and sent Sherman Minton, a dependable subordinate, to the United States Senate. McNutt ran the whole show from Manila, effectively.

He was effective as High Commissioner in the Philippines. It was a tough assignment, and Roosevelt knew that McNutt was tough. Never the fresh-water type, he took with him considerable understanding of international affairs. He won over Quezon, or at least Quezon acts as if he did; he was firm in the enunciation of the fact that the Islands were still American property; and he worked out an intelligent program for the ultimate colonization of 10,000 refugees from Japan's friend Hitler. His tenure in the Philippines convinced him, he says, that "if the United States abandons the Islands they will become a bloody battleground." A tour of the Orient before his return to the States convinced him that "he was right in opposing independence for the Philippines." He thinks the American people haven't given the matter enough thought, but that after we've thought it over we ought, if our decision stands, to get out of the Far East "lock, stock, and barrel." In estimating McNutt's campaign fund, you may add a kitty of no less than a million dollars from Philippine sugar interests that want to keep the Islands inside the American tariff wall.

McNutt seems to be exactly as militaristic as Franklin Roosevelt and no more imperialistic than Cordell Hull. He tried, without success against the anti-New Deal clique in command, to swing the last convention of the Legion behind revision of the Neutrality Act, and he has defended the reciprocal trade treaties eloquently and impressively. He hasn't, in recent years, beaten the tom-tom as hard as Roosevelt has, but like a good legionnaire he wants "a military establishment second to none."

He has been effective as Federal Security Administrator, though he hasn't had a chance yet to make much of a record; the agencies he is coordinating were all well established—Social Security, NYA, CCC, Office of Education, Public Health Service, and Employment Service. The National Health Program, abandoned by the Administration, would have given McNutt a sounding-board. It would have provided, at the same time, a test of his social morals. As Governor of Indiana he handed over the responsibility and state funds for preventive medicine to the county medical societies and curtailed or abolished state services in a program urged if not written by the Indiana State Medical Association.

McNutt hasn't hit the front page since he has been in his present office. It is just possible that Roosevelt, when he gave McNutt the Security job, knew that the health program was out and that foreign affairs would occupy the limelight for some time to come. There are several explanations of why Roosevelt placed the lame, the halt, and the blind in the tender care of a Presidential candidate with a political record like McNutt's, but the likeliest is this. Roosevelt offered the job to President Dykstra of Wisconsin. Roosevelt was informed, incorrectly, that Dykstra wouldn't take it. The job had to be filled quickly, and by a good administrator. McNutt walked in, all tanned and administrative, and reminded Roosevelt that he'd been promised a good job when he returned from the Islands. "Here it is," said Roosevelt. One of F. D. R.'s closest friends says: "The President likes some strange people, and McNutt is one

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of them. But he doesn't trust the man and he doesn't want him to be President."

McNutt's campaign, which is being carried on from the Federal Security offices just as plainly as Roosevelt's is from the White House or Garner's from the Hill, got off to a bad start last spring with a lavish brawl at the Mayflower. The New Dealers didn't like it, partly because McNutt was beating the gun, partly because they hate him for his combination of New Deal brains and Old Deal morals. Even if McNutt is only half as bad as the New Dealers say he is, he's bad enough. To look at him is to mistrust him. Every writer who has interviewed him has reacted negatively. He is too smooth; and unlike Roosevelt he isn't smooth enough to look as if he weren't smooth. Roosevelt's smile seems hearty, even if it isn't; McNutt's seems phony, even if it isn't.

Is McNutt as bad as he is usually painted? Let us assume, over Thurman Arnold's dead body, that men are capable of seeing the ends of society and deciding which means or intermediate ends are good or bad in the light of the ultimate goal. In the governorship McNutt's activities as a spoilsman, a corruptionist, and a strike-breaker stand in interesting contrast with his social legislation. He seems to have kept his distance from the Klan, which owned Indiana in the early twenties, and though they have carefully avoided direct attacks on vested interests, his speeches, outside the Legion, have been consistently liberal, some of them ringing with almost Rooseveltian force. The epithets "fascist" and "Hoosier Hitler" are patently ridiculous, not only because of the man's mixed record but also because he consistently attacks Nazism and fascism rather than totalitarian Stalinism—and he, mind you, a former national commander of the American Legion. Everything in his small-town Indiana political background, however, would tend to make him conservative or reactionary, and there is only his intellectualism, which, while it is limited, does exist, to make him liberal. He is a risk, and a bad risk. But he is not a known quantity. He would probably make a terrible President; he would possibly make a wonderful one. But this, as Governor McNutt said as he ground his heel into the representative government of Indiana, is a testing time for representative government, and 1940 is not the year for risks.

Nobody takes McNutt's campaign very seriously, though his second-choice convention votes might give him second place on the ticket or even the Presidential nomination if Roosevelt should be out and the convention deadlocked. It isn't likely though—not with the lid about to come off in Indiana. McNutt's future is obscure, but his present is plain: the New Dealers don't trust him, Farley hates him, the conservatives and reactionaries have no respect for him, and nobody knows him for sure.

One Year of Franco

BY JULIO ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Mexico City, March 15

ON MARCH 28, 1939, at eleven o'clock in the morning, Radio Madrid announced in the name of the Casado Junta the imminent entry of the Franco forces into that ultimate bastion of Republican resistance.

I have no desire to review here that last lamentable episode of the epic of the Spanish people. Anyone who has read Colonel Casado's book, "The Last Days of Madrid" (London: Peter Davies), will have formed his own idea of the role which irresponsibility, resentment, personal ambition, and muddled political thinking played in that rebellion against the Negrín government which entailed so many consequences, the most fatal being the abandonment of tens of thousands of self-sacrificing and heroic Republicans, soldiers and civilians alike, to the ferocity of the Franco repression. The most ardent admirer of Dr. Negrín could hardly have produced a document that would justify his policy of resistance better than does Colonel Casado's book. Events in Europe since the fall of Madrid have proved that we in the Negrín Cabinet were no mere dreamers or sectarians. Those of us who were convinced that only through resistance could we force Franco to agree to humane peace terms were also hoping to maintain on Spanish soil one last Republican trench where we could hold on until the international situation should change in our favor, that is, until appeasement, of which we had been the victims since 1936, should cease.

If in September, 1939, the Spanish Republican Army had been in possession of a corner of southeastern Spain behind a line however shortened—and except for the Casado rising this would have been possible even with Madrid lost—the situation today would be different, and this anniversary commentary would be superfluous.

We knew quite well what would happen to our country once Franco had won. Had Franco been a statesman or even a man of vision he would have been able to profit by the fatigue, the bitterness, and the disillusionment that inevitably followed the sorry end of the brief

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Casado episode, and through a policy of clemency he could have softened the antipathy which his brutality and his reliance on foreign bayonets had won for him among the majority of Spaniards. Instead it was *vae victis*. This could have been foreseen by anyone who had followed his record and his utterances especially in the days when mediation was being attempted by Paris and London and his almost daily refrain was "unconditional surrender." There was also his particularly revelatory refusal to accept, as the Republic had done with alacrity, the proposal of Field Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, head of the British Commission for Exchange of Prisoners, that death sentences imposed on each side be canceled reciprocally. This was an omen of the monstrous repression to come.

In Paris last November we estimated the number of political prisoners in Franco's jails at around 300,000. On January 26, 1940, the New York *Times* published a dispatch from Vatican City in which papal circles gave the figure as half a million. But when I talked in London in late December with the correspondent of the *News-Chronicle*, A. V. Phillips, who had just come from four months in a Madrid jail, I learned that the number exceeded the million mark. Other trustworthy reports brought by people escaping from Spain confirm Mr. Phillips's story. A million persons still held as political prisoners a year after the end of a war is pure insanity. On the basis of the size of the average Spanish family this means that there are in Spain from five to six million people who have relatives in prison. And that this has had grave repercussions on the economic life of the nation is evidenced in the recent speeches of the *Caudillo* and his chief Minister, Serrano Suñer, in which one detects a justifiable anxiety.

The rhythm of arrests continues unabated with the passing months. House-to-house searches for Republicans go on. The press publishes almost daily admonishments to citizens to denounce one another. If a crime of sufficient seriousness can be established, on the basis of inconsistent and superficial accusations, the man is shot. Lesser criminals are liable to sentences averaging thirty years. Having been an active Republican is in itself a crime. Schools, convents, and public buildings have been converted into jails, but there are still too few buildings to accommodate the "penal" population, and so a vast system of concentration camps on the Nazi model has been established to complete the repressive apparatus of a regime dedicated to the elimination of all opposition.

In the prisons a process of regeneration takes place conforming to the methods which fifty years and more ago dishonored the Spanish penal system. Through the use of enforced fasting and the club, Franco's jailers, who are old in the Spanish tradition, undertake to exorcise from the Republican prisoner the baleful effects of "red" sorcery. In the place of the old prison guards, themselves never distinguished for their tenderness, are now the Civil Guards, experts at the art of transforming a robust peasant into a heap of flesh with only enough vitality left to sustain pain, humiliation, and madness until the next beating. The history of Andalusia and Estremadura, save for the short period of authentic Republican government, is replete with the excesses and arbitrary brutalities of the Civil Guard. Those cruelties pale beside the present methods of the Franco government. But such methods are unavailing before the indomitable spirit of the Spaniard. It was with profound emotion that I heard Mr. Phillips tell how the thousands of prisoners who leave their cells each month to be shot go to their death crying *"Viva la República!"*

In the concentration camps reserved for lesser "criminals" or for those against whom the officials have not yet been able to present a damaging dossier, the government is relatively benevolent. Here the principle of economic exploitation takes precedence over the primary desire for vengeance. The Franco slogan "Redemption Through Work" has opened to private enterprise an unlimited supply of cheap labor. The men and women in the concentration camps—when the state does not use their labor in some of the fantastic schemes for national reconstruction with which it tries to cover up the disastrous economic and financial conditions in the Franco paradise—are farmed out to a private entrepreneur who is happy at not having to pay more than a peseta a day to a worker who cannot think of striking and whose complete submission is guaranteed by armed guards.

The fact that those Spaniards who, preferring the risk of violent death to slow extinction, attempt to escape from the vast prison that is Spain today obtain aid and comfort from people of all classes is an arresting index of feeling in the country. Before the war finally broke upon Europe an average of fifty Spaniards a day escaped over the Pyrenees to France. Last December, despite the severity of an unusually hard Pyreneean winter, a Spanish mother with three children, the eldest aged nine, appeared at the first French frontier post and asked to be taken to a French refugee camp. There she declared that thousands of Spaniards in Spain, even granting the truth of the complaints of their compatriots in the French concentration camps, would gladly exchange places with them. Among the fugitives in France today are people who once left the French camps, returned to Franco Spain, and then escaped back to France. Others of those who returned to Spain believing in Franco's promises of clemency were taken and shot immediately and were never able to escape a second time. Last spring the gravedigger at the Irún cemetery, horrified at the mass executions of the returning Spaniards, himself fled to France.

The stories of some of these escapes from Franco are more exciting than any adventure fiction. There recently arrived in New York City, en route to Latin America,

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one of the oldest and bravest militants in the Spanish Socialist Party, Santamaría, mayor of El Ferrol when the revolt broke out. He spent three years hidden in rebel territory. Six months after the end of the war he and fourteen others fled to France in a motor boat from a beach near El Ferrol. Despite the great hazards involved in preparing for this wholesale escape, Santamaría and his friends managed to disguise themselves as Civil Guards with three-cornered hats and belting of cardboard and wooden rifles. On a night when the darkness favored them Santamaría, who is a man over fifty, and his fourteen comrades approached a motor boat, pointed their wooden rifles at the occupants, and challenged them as smugglers. The men in the boat fled, and soon the fifteen Republicans were in the open sea headed for France. In a short while their gasoline was exhausted. The improvised apparel was then burned, piece by piece, until finally a French ship saw the flames, drew near, and picked them up.

Drawing by Schreiber

General Franco

Almost four years after the beginning of the war there are still armed bands in the hills of Galicia and Asturias. The police search everyone going into the hills to keep food from being carried to these men, who have decided never to give themselves up alive to the "justice" of Franco. There have been veritable battles in the hills. Many have been killed.

Among the recently escaped fugitives now in Mexico are two who found refuge in the house of the village priest. A large part of the lower clergy is against Franco. Their attitude is due in part to the fact that they consider the brutal and seemingly endless repression irreconcilable with their Christian principles. The humble priests in the towns are also aware that the silence of the hierarchy in the face of the continued slaughter and the presence of the hierarchy at all functions of the Phalanx are strong factors turning the people against the church.

Hunger is the dominant feature of the present situation in Spain. From time to time, as for example after the new commercial treaty with France, the empty bins are filled with wheat imported from foreign countries. But the poor distribution system coupled with the excessively low wages prevents most of the people from satisfying their appetite. While prices of the most essential foods have doubled, wages have been cut. From five to eight pesetas is a maximum daily wage. On the other hand, potatoes, which before the war, even when they were most expensive, cost only five pesetas the *arroba* (twenty-five pounds), are sold today for fifteen pesetas. Olive oil, an essential ingredient of Spanish cooking, has become a luxury; half a liter of olive oil, on the rare occasions when it can be bought, costs from five to six pesetas, that is, the daily wage of a laborer.

Business is in a state of permanent crisis. Taxes and fines have practically wiped out the small dealer. Nor does the well-to-do middle class escape the severity of an economic system based on capricious expropriation and corrupted by the politics of prestige. Industry as well as agriculture suffers from the system of repression which keeps approximately one million experienced laborers and peasants in prisons and concentration camps. For every experienced worker in Spain today there are eight novices.

The recent decree giving back to the grandees the lands distributed by the Republic both before and during the war according to the constitutional terms of the agrarian-reform law was a hard blow to the popularity of the Franco regime and gained for it finally and forever the passive resistance and hatred of the small landholders. If we can trust the estimates of serious observers who reported that at the end of 1939 the percentage of people really with Franco did not exceed 15 per cent, how small must be the percentage with him now!

Criteria of caste inspire the decisions of the government. In the course of the first year of Franco's regime three measures were taken which need no comment from me: first, the return to the Jesuits of all their property; second, the return to the former King, Alfonso, of all his personal property; third, the transfer to Franco of the total patrimony of the crown of Spain, with an annual income of millions of pesetas.

The differences between Falangists and Requetés have been aggravated on the eve of the first anniversary of Franco's victory. And the old struggle between the Phalanx and the army, which was the source of constant worry to the *Caudillo,* has also broken out again. This is proved by the dismissal, without public explanation, of General Muñoz Grande from the post of secretary general of the Falangist Party, a post which carried with it the position of minister in the Cabinet, where he was supposed to represent the "definitive" reconciliation between the Phalanx and the generals.

A foreign visitor in Spain today, judging the situation by its external signs, will come out affirming that the name of the *Caudillo* is acclaimed everywhere, that everyone praises the wisdom and intelligence of the liberator

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of Spain. But here is what happens when the people of a small Spanish village gather in the early evening around the small, glowing fire in the local tavern—a person recently escaped described the scene for me. When somebody enters who is not known by all, the tone of the conversation changes. From the bitterest criticism of the regime they pass immediately to the most conventional and exaggerated praise. Then, suddenly, someone present says, "This fellow's all right," and everyone begins again with his denunciation of Franco. "This fellow's all right" is the common denominator which relegates to minor importance the specific party affiliation. Contrary to what is unfortunately happening in certain groups of Spanish emigrants, the millions of anti-fascists who suffer in Spain do not make any distinction between Socialists, Republicans, Basque Catholics, or Communists. They are all one thing—Franco's enemies.

The incapacity of Franco's government even to build a totalitarian state of the Fascist or Nazi type has caused people here and there to talk about the monarchy as the only possible way out. It is a solution that naturally finds many sympathizers in British circles, but a few weeks ago in London I could see that people were beginning to realize its great difficulties. The foremost Spanish opposition to this development is the Phalanx, which knows that the reestablishment of the monarchy would mean its own destruction and is ready to oppose restoration with arms. The refugees whom I have questioned give always the same answer: Between Franco and a king, a king, but in a free election neither Franco nor a king. For a republic there would be more votes today than there were in 1931, when the municipal elections forced Alfonso to leave. The spirit of rebellion grows every day. One common thought checks the impatience: "If only Italy weren't here!" People are afraid that in case of a successful uprising against Franco Italian soldiers would again scatter death on Spanish soil.

The fate of the Franco regime is linked to Italy's position in the European war. I think that those in London and Paris who tried to find consolation for their past mistakes in the thought that they could yet remedy their fatal non-intervention policy by playing up to Franco have already given up that senseless dream. Franco will follow Mussolini to the limit in the present war. However, the war has a long way to go yet. Difficulties with Italy may arise. Although such complications would not necessarily mean that Franco would participate in the conflict against the Allies—direct participation of Spain in the war seems quite impossible—there are forms of neutrality more dangerous than direct participation.

The war has for the time being strengthened Franco's position. But it would be a mistake to conclude that the length of his rule will be strictly determined by the duration of the war. The history of the Spanish people shows their audacity and courage and is full of surprises.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Arm's-Length Bargaining

ONE of the favorite Wall Street accusations against the Administration is that it constantly adopts a belligerent and non-cooperative attitude toward business. Considering that ferocious libels on the President are conversational small change in Wall Street, and that the financial press maintains a constant drumfire of abuse against government agencies, it seems to me that this complaint is comparable in impudence to Moscow's denunciations of Finnish "aggression." It is always difficult to cooperate with someone who, when you offer your hand, replies by kicking you in the belly. This has been the painful experience of the SEC, which has leaned over backward recently in its efforts to work amicably with the financial bigwigs.

On February 29 the SEC, aware that its rules governing the relationship between utility companies and investment bankers were causing dissatisfaction, made a request to interested parties to suggest revisions which might "be less burdensome from the standpoint of the issuer and more effective from the standpoint of the commission" in preserving "competition and arm's-length bargaining in the distribution of utility security offerings." It is difficult to view this letter as anything other than a friendly gesture and one to which its recipients, had they been truly anxious to cooperate, might have made a friendly response.

But what has been the upshot? From the Investment Bankers' Association has come a lengthy and abusive report charging the SEC with exceeding its statutory powers, with indulging in "Star Chamber proceedings," and with intimidation, and suggesting that it should go before Congress in a white sheet and ask to have its sins investigated. The report goes on to make recommendations for the regulation of utility security issues which amount to a demand that the Public Utility Act be nullified and the investment bankers be allowed to run their business in their own sweet way. Not unfairly the SEC, in a statement commenting on this I. B. A. memorandum, declares it makes clear that its author's primary interest is "in regaining, by any subterfuge, its outlawed privilege of operating the financial markets without responsibility to anybody but its own little group."

In its efforts to maintain competitive conditions in connection with the issuance of utility securities, the SEC at present depends on Rule U-12f-2. This provides that no firm may be paid a fee for underwriting more than 5 per cent of a utility security offering if the underwriter (1) is an affiliate of the utility or (2) is found by the SEC to stand in such a relation to the utility that "there is liable to be or have been an absence of arm's-length bargaining with respect to the transaction." According to the I. B. A. the Public Utility Act of 1935 does not contain any provision "charging the commission generally, apart from intrasystem transactions, with 'maintenance of competitive conditions' in the distribution of securities." Further, it is claimed, Sections 6 and 7 of the act, the sections regulating the sale of securities, make

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no reference to such matters but only require that prices, fees, and expenses be reasonable. Section 7(d, 6), however, requires the commission to withhold approval of a security issue if it finds that "the terms and conditions of the issue or sale of the security are detrimental to the public interest or the interest of investors or consumers." And in Section 1 of the act it is specifically stated that such interests are injured "when subsidiary public-utility companies . . . enter into transactions in which evils result from an absence of arm's-length bargaining or from restraint of free and independent competition."

That the SEC has a difficult task to perform in carrying out the purpose of the act can best be illustrated by reference to the Consumers' Power case which came before it last December. This company had made an underwriting contract with Morgan, Stanley and Company in respect to a refunding issue. Admittedly it had neither asked bids from investment bankers at large nor "shopped around" to see which house would offer the best possible terms. Hence the question arose whether there was an "affiliation" between Consumers' Power and Morgan, Stanley; and as this could not be determined immediately, the SEC ordered that the latter's fee should be impounded pending hearings. A similar course has since been taken in regard to other underwriting transactions. This process, however, involves the unraveling of very complicated relationships and is a tedious and expensive business for both the commission and the business men concerned. Most of the utility holding-company systems were banker-organized, and in most of them banker-control remains. It may, however, be very remote control, the existence of which can be denied when diplomacy requires—a control comparable in fact to that which Japan maintains over the Manchoukuoan government.

All the common stock and a clear majority of the voting power of the Consumers' Power Company is owned by Commonwealth and Southern, in which one of the largest stockholders is, or was until recently, the United Corporation. The last-named was formed by J. P. Morgan and Company and has always been known as a Morgan company although the nominal interest of these bankers in it is probably far short of voting control. Nevertheless, there are more ways of controlling a company in Wall Street than by owning a majority of its stock. The really vital question involved is: Who controls the management? Could Mr. Wendell Willkie and the other directors of Consumers' Power Company defy the wishes of the House of Morgan on some vital issue and retain their places? If the answer is no, then obviously negotiations between investment bankers, filially related to Morgan and Company, and the directors of Consumers' Power can hardly be of an "arm's-length" character.

These facts illustrate the kind of financial thickets in which the SEC must grope in its efforts to apply Rule U-12f-2. The I. B. A. alternative is to forget about "affiliation" and allow the "reasonableness of the price, terms, and spread of a proposed issue to be established by comparing them with those prevailing for comparable issues selling, or recently issued, on the open market." As the SEC points out, this would leave the bankers in control of the yardstick. A more satisfactory solution would be insistence on competitive bidding for all utility issues or at least a rule requiring "shopping around," and the possibility of SEC action on these lines is the real cause of the bitterness of the I. B. A. report. For were genuine competition enforced in the underwriting business, monopoly of the cream by a handful of investment bankers would no longer be possible.

In the Wind

MANY MONTHS AGO Sinclair Lewis and the late Sidney Howard were approached by a German theatrical producer who wanted to stage "Dodsworth" in Berlin. His letter asked them to sign formal statements certifying that they were "Aryans." They facetiously replied that they weren't, that in fact Lewis's real name was Levy, Howard's was Horowitz. In the 1938 Dramatic Index published by the F. W. Faxon Company of Boston this entry appeared: "Lewis (Levy), Sinclair, author, playwright, actor."

FRANK GANNETT spoke recently at a luncheon of the Lions Club of Bangor, Maine. His speech was broadcast over Station WABI. When he had finished, the station began to broadcast musical recordings. The first song was "I can get along without you very well."

ADVERTISEMENT IN a British newspaper: "Patriotic Down to the Pantees. These slick little pantees embroidered with the slogan 'England Expects' . . . are certain of a rapturous welcome as a gift for any lingerie drawer."

MEMO TO the Smith committee: A case is now pending before the NLRB involving a printing house in Binghamton, New York. The transcript of the testimony reveals that one of the NLRB's major witnesses is named Karl Marx.

THE PRINCIPAL speaker before the Miami Chamber of Commerce recently was Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, president of Oglethorpe University in Atlanta. Dr. Jacobs warned: "The republic which was established by the founding fathers has slowly degenerated into a democracy. I call for a return to the republic, which is a government by the best, the upper half. First we must eliminate from the franchise all those who are the beneficiaries of city, state, and federal appropriations. . . ."

"THE CREDIBILITY of Eugene L. Belisle as a witness before the state milk-control board was challenged yesterday by David Greer, counsel for milk producers, on the ground that he could not be genuinely interested in increasing sales of milk while retaining a position as executive director of a birth-control league."—News item in the Boston *Herald*.

THERE WAS ONE neat irony in NBC'S exciting dramatization of Dalton Trumbo's "Johnny Got His Gun." The story is powerful anti-war propaganda; James Cagney played the leading role in the broadcast. As the program ended, the announcer informed the listening audience that "Mr. Cagney may be seen in Warner Brothers' film 'The Fighting Sixty-Ninth.' "

[*Readers are invited to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

BEING still beset by thoughtless people who believe that I favor an immediate peace with Hitler on Hitler's terms and—incredible as it may seem in any person capable of raising fifteen cents to buy *The Nation*—think it necessary to tell me that a murderous anarchist's word is not to be trusted, I rejoice to have received an admirable Englishman's admirable statement on this whole question of immediate peace negotiations. Charles Roden Buxton comes of a long line of Englishmen distinguished for their public service, their humanitarian point of view, and their intense interest in foreign affairs. Few Englishmen have known as much about Southeastern Europe as he and his brother, Lord Noel Buxton, both of whom during the Versailles days were conspicuous for their desire for a reasonable and decent peace and for just treatment of the Germans. In "The Case for an Early Peace" Charles Buxton has put together all the arguments for and against exploratory negotiations for peace in so calm and reasoned a manner that his seven-page pamphlet has compelling value for all who wish to think this vital question through.

Mr. Buxton begins by expressing his respect for those who think that if the Allies should make peace now "it would give us no security against future aggression by Germany." To those who feel that the war must be prosecuted to the bitter end and until the elimination of Hitler, he says that we who think otherwise have the right to call upon them to prove two things: first, that a secure peace is *not* possible at an early date; and, second, that "a secure peace, or at least a better peace than is now attainable, *could* be attained at the end of three years, say, of war." He himself believes that "the probability of attaining a reasonably secure peace at an early date is so great that an attempt should be made to attain it; that the settlement after three years of war, whichever side were the victor, would be a worse settlement than could be obtained now." With this second point I especially agree. If the war goes on for three years and the Allied peoples are reduced almost to beggary and are infuriated by the destruction of their cities, the chances of a humane, intelligent, and far-sighted peace that will really bring about the establishment of that completely new order in Europe which Chamberlain says he wishes will be slim indeed.

But beliefs are one thing, and the arguments on which they are based another. What are Mr. Buxton's arguments for his position? He contends that Hitler's speech of October 6 last outlining certain terms was not his last word but obviously merely the beginning of negotiations. Very soon, if approaches were made, Mr. Buxton thinks, the Allies would reach the stage of negotiation not with Hitler alone but also with powerful neutral states, whose signatures would guarantee the settlement finally reached; they would necessarily be interested in *maintaining* that settlement because it would in part be their own creation. He assumes of course a genuine conference in which there would be give and take, and in which the interests of Italy and Russia, and also of the smaller neutrals, would be taken into consideration.

Why does Mr. Buxton think that Hitler would be willing to consider peace at a time when the Germans are confident, as they seem to be now, that they are winning the war? He believes that if complete war with the Allies comes soon, it will make Hitler much more subservient to Russia than he is now and far more so than he wishes to be. "Russia would be able to do almost what she pleased." Mr. Buxton feels sure that if Hitler were faced with the possibility of a just and universal settlement, such as the Dutch Premier called for on January 3, he would not dare to compel his people to go on fighting if the only points at issue were the establishment, for example, of a Polish and a Czech state. As to that opinions will differ—naturally; I came out of Germany thinking that it was by no means impossible. It depends for one thing upon the morale of the German people and the strength of their opposition to the war. Finally, Mr. Buxton makes the unanswerable point that a new European order is the only possible guaranty against aggression and the brigand morals of which Stalin and Hitler are the distinguished exemplars.

Those people who think that all would be well if only Hitler could be eliminated, if Göring could make the peace, are utterly deluded. Who could take the place of Hitler save a military despot? And what guaranty would there be that such a man's word was any better than Hitler's? No, the only guaranties worth anything *on either side*—for I have not forgotten all the broken promises, American and Allied, since the Armistice—will inhere in the peace itself. And after even a year of bloody total war a reasonable peace will be out of the question, whether the Allies win or lose. Such a war will end in the destruction of the German Empire or of the British Empire, and neither will mean lasting peace or a new order. No, let us make one more effort for a negotiated peace before going on to a vindictive dictated peace and complete economic disaster.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ART IN OUR TOWN

BY CONSTANCE ROURKE

IN 1854 a young artist from Delft came to a small village in Michigan that had been established as a trading post less than twenty years before. His pictures were small and exquisitely precise: he had been trained in the school of the "little" masters. Setting up a studio in an upstairs room on the main street, Marinus Harting applied his gifts to the copying of daguerreotypes, to the painting of pictures reminiscent of Delft or The Hague, and to teaching a class of young ladies who, studying art as a polite accomplishment, produced little sketches entitled Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring that sometimes had a local flavor. Harting himself painted scenes in the new village, one of which is still fresh in spite of a film of darkened varnish, a portrait of a house in a severe, simplified phase of the classic revival peculiar to Michigan. Red damask curtains float from the long porch windows; at one side is a small rose arbor. The passers-by and the few others are sharply, delicately portrayed. In front of the white paling fence runs a plank walk, along the edge of which are thin young elms inclosed in splints to keep the horses from nibbling the bark.

According to a well-established formula, art had little or no place on our frontiers, and the Dutch Calvinists among us have usually been supposed to consider the arts as irrelevant. Yet Harting came to Michigan through the urgency of a Calvinist minister who led a large Dutch colony to the shores of Lake Michigan, establishing a settlement that still spreads inland from the lake shore in a large half circle with strong ancestral traces. The larger proportion of other early settlers in our town came of stock which, according to the formula, either ignored or suppressed the arts—that of Puritan New England. The village had been founded by a French trader and others of the same race whose ancestors had lived for long in the Michigan wilderness.

Marinus Harting suffered disappointments, he made only a slender living; yet his accomplishment disturbs the theory, and he was by no means an isolated figure in our village. Itinerant painters managed to make their way through a fairly dense wilderness and painted here a considerable number of highly individualized portraits, some of them interestingly abstract and even modern. Settlers brought pictures with them. No great distance away and filtering into the village were Pennsylvania Germans whose genius for design often overflowed into formal, brilliant water colors and occasionally into portraiture. Since the formula is often extended to include all the arts, it may be noted that music was to be heard everywhere in an abundance of old songs, to the accompaniment of the German zither and the southern dulcimer, with a scattering of spinets and harpsichords and an early importation of pianos. From the first the cluster of villages roundabout had a strong literary flavor. Byron Center was named at the height of the fever over the Greek Revolution; Adah for Byron's daughter. Emerson came here to lecture in 1860, and some of our citizens became subscribers to *The Nation* when it was founded.

We had our Grab Corners—the name endured for years—with other evidences of a rude struggle in the midst of primitive forces, yet the village did not conform to the accepted type. It is in fact a question whether the type, which undoubtedly existed, was not pretty well matched by the variables. I can think of at least two dozen villages in Michigan and elsewhere in the early Middle West that did not conform to it, and the arts had some sort of place in all of them.

Well, what of it? Luster may be brushed over our history by the accumulated evidence, but what survived when industrialism began to pound through the country in subsequent decades? By way of reply we have the formula, which is pretty inclusive: not only in the frontier period but in succeeding decades life in our smaller towns and cities has been too meager to give the artist nourishment. Aesthetic roots sent down there were bound to shrivel.

Yet certain marked preoccupations with the arts continued to appear in our town, sometimes riotously. The Gothicism that so strangely invaded American taste came into gloomy flower in furniture from our factories in the eighteen seventies and eighties, particularly in bedroom "suites" of massive medieval grandeur, of the blackest of black walnut. But in architecture the same forms took a different direction: "steamboat Gothic" often had an effect of gaiety, with the houses painted light colors and perched on wooded knolls. Many houses were built in a severe phase of the classic tradition, without ornament, with fine surfaces, cornices, moldings. Square, well-proportioned dwellings of limestone from the river bed were common. Shoddy houses appeared, it is true, and were rebuilt or torn down or fell down, and the town was always strongly industrial, but it never experienced a boom, and thus lacked the sprawling scars left by sudden growth. Some towns—Baton Rouge is one of them—may suddenly drop the outer semblance of their early history, but here the spacious pattern of the early village was retained.

Clashes and inconsistencies of taste continued rather vigorously. During the period when our famous golden oak was rolling out from our factories the town began to spread over neighboring farms, inclosing fruit trees and country gardens that gave it a pastoral touch. Then, as earlier, the paintings which business men brought home with them from trips to Chicago were delicate pictures of farmhouses, sheep in ethereal green meadows, suggesting in another fashion that nostalgia for the farm which crops up so frequently in American urban life. But to bring a painting from Chicago was superfluous evidence of an interest in art; there was never a time when it was impossible to purchase here original work, some of it interesting. We were backward in

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accepting the great brown wash of photographic copies of masterpieces that helped to create an aesthetic lost generation. We have always had a good many Sunday painters.

By the end of the nineties an artist was intrenched in our town, painting landscapes, portraits, and a large number of rather angry self-portraits, not a great artist but a thoroughly honest one, who sold enough of his work to make possible its continuance. Though towns like ours are supposed to have been well aloof from current aesthetic movements, we had an early exhibition of the revolutionary "Eight" at a time when they were still finding it difficult to show their work. These are not complacencies; the stream was not a rich one and its direction was uncertain, but it existed.

Now, after the lean decade just past, a positive concern with art is again on the rise, any phase of which might be placed first, not least that evolving in the public schools, where a whole generation is growing up with the use of art as a free and familiar medium. The small studio belonging to our art gallery is regularly taxed to overflowing by enthusiastic young Saturday painters. Pressure is also being exerted upon its slight resources by older people, by men as well as women, who want the resources of a workshop and crowd in during their odd hours. And all at once we have a colony of young professional artists who seem to be arranging their lives without regard for the formula.

They have found some of the good places to live in the country near by on islands in the river or on wooded slopes above it, far enough from town to gain the isolation they want for work yet not so far as to cut themselves off from its life. Most of them have steered away from the metropolitan schools and have worked with older artists here and there. If they have entered a school at all it has been a small one in some distant part of the country to which they have jogged in their cars for a winter or a summer, taking flight back home again to attack their problems afresh in their own way. Some of them have, among other things, an astonishing technical power, something the larger schools are supposed to cultivate, even to monopolize, and their work has an individual character not always retained in the massed grind of big classes or in the midst of the many comparisons that go on when numbers of artists are closely congregated.

When the plight of artists seemed particularly desperate early in the last decade a new argument took shape: how excellent it would be if most of them—and writers too—living in New York or elsewhere along the eastern seaboard, would make the homeward journey. What a solution this would be because of the cheaper living, and how they would enrich the cultural life of the community! The counterpart of the proposal seems to have been little discussed—that if workers in the arts scattered homeward and stayed there, enrichment might take place the other way around. Surely something may be gained by the artist—by the worker in any of the arts—from knowing a society at close range, from perceiving cycles of its effort, touches of its history, its distinctive flavor, its darker and more checkered aspects.

Twenty-five years ago "the revolt from the village" was pronounced. Now by an impalpable change the village is apparently being considered with a more genial eye. We must hope that our town will not become "an art center"—heaven forbid!—and we trust that the efforts of our young artists to improve the cultural life of the community will not be specific. We should like to think that they will only do their work with reasonable contentment.

In any event, whatever the reasons, an increasing number of artists now seem to be working without too much dissatisfaction not only in our town but in many other places at a distance from the Atlantic seaboard. In a recent national exhibition here a noticeably large number of works was entered from small towns, and many of those signed by unknown names were fresh and interesting. This is not to say that paradise is provided for the artist who stays at home. Plenty of problems await him besides those he confronts when he looks across himself at his own work. He may not find in his own medium a tradition upon which to draw. In our town, for example, he may not wish to turn to Marinus Harting as a master. Yet he may find a more substantial American past in the arts than he has been led to expect, and he may discover more than he has counted on in the way of those social continuities which surely are basic for the artist. He may learn that our towns and villages are not always stereotypes but often are variables, now as in the period of the frontier—and creative forces are set in motion by the sharp and stinging sense of variations.

What Germans Never Learned

WHAT GERMANY FORGOT. By James T. Shotwell. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

THREE days after the battle of Jena, Count Schulenburg-Kehnert, a minister in the Prussian Cabinet, had posters stuck on the walls of Berlin: "The King has lost a battle; now the first duty of the burghers is to keep calm." Kings invested with power by divine authority could afford to avow their defeat. When the people itself is supposed to incarnate sovereignty, a scapegoat has to be found, for no nation as a whole can be expected to confess to folly or blunder. Such a scapegoat was the Treaty of Versailles, which was held responsible for all the misery the German people had to suffer as an aftermath of the World War. There were, of course, secondary scapegoats, such as Jews, Socialists, pacifists, who could be accused of the "stab in the back."

It is not easy to overrate the great value of Professor Shotwell's book. He proves with the dispassionate argumentation of the historian and the scholarly comprehension of a sociologist that the war itself, Germany's war-time economy, its continuation in the Hindenburg program of heavy expenditure, the devastating inflation, the "false recovery" based on the "miracle" of the Rentenmark, the tariffs of the post-war period, and other economic fallacies, rather than the treaty, produced that morass of despair from which eventually rose the miasma of Nazism. This is not only "what Germany forgot," but what insistent propaganda in this country kept Americans from perceiving. Professor Shotwell produces convincing evidence that the Weimar Republic freed Germany from all the "servitudes" of the treaty, and he shows in addition that "the Hitler method of territorial revision by the threat or use of force robs the economy of Europe of any permanent prosperity, and without the prosperity of Europe, Germany itself cannot prosper."

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An equally great merit of Professor Shotwell's lucid, well-documented work is its unmasking of other conventional lies concerning the treaty, especially of the deliberate misinterpretation of Article 231, which has been supposed to declare the sole guilt of Germany for the war. In point of fact this so-called war-guilt clause contains merely a statement "holding Germany responsible for all the loss and damage" it had caused. Only mistranslation of the word "causing" has put Germany in the wrong *"als Urheber,"* or prime cause.

All who possess unbiased information about the World War are by now aware of the share of all belligerents in the responsibility. However, I am afraid that Professor Shotwell, in exonerating Germany from this self-imposed war guilt, goes a step too far. At one point he admits that those who believed "the Prussian militarists of Berlin had joined with the Hapsburg reactionaries of Vienna to force the war" "were nearer to the truth," yet later on we learn that Berchtold "dragged Germany further than it had any liking to go." By giving Austria-Hungary *carte blanche,* although Berchtold's warlike design was probably no secret in Berlin, Germany, no doubt, became responsible for the crime as an accessory before the fact. German diplomats may have been dull, but they were certainly no babes in the wood.

Not only has Germany forgotten to what extent the war accounted for its distress, but the majority of the population has never learned that military efficiency and nationalistic megalomania are not enough on which to base a claim to world domination. Professor Shotwell's view that lack of experience accounts for their undeveloped political capacity and that "Bismarck taught the German people to lose confidence in themselves" is unassailable. Three centuries under the heel of the Prussian royal jackboots were not exactly a training course in political common sense. The majority of the German people have never realized the disproportion between their inflated nationalism and the ability of their political leaders to put it into imperialistic practice. Nor have they ever learned that their supposed lovableness and skill in handling foreign races were only self-delusion.

By revealing the antecedent economic fallacies of the Nazi revolution Professor Shotwell has rendered an extremely valuable service to historical truth. Reading of this book should be made compulsory for all who still believe that the harsh and unjust treaty justified the Germans morally in creating a "dying space" for the Czechs, the Poles, and the other small fry on whom Nazi imperialism feeds.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

The Career of Albert De Silver

A LIBERAL IN WAR TIME: THE EDUCATION OF ALBERT DE SILVER. By Walter Nelles. Edited by Lewis Gannett. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

THIS is the adequate tribute of a friend, also prematurely deceased, to Albert De Silver, a relatively young man of most unusual promise who came to an accidental death in November, 1924. Few men of his generation, which flowered immediately after the World War, rendered as great service to the cause of sanity and to the preservation of civil liberty in the United States in the years of hysteria from 1917 to 1923 as did Albert De Silver. He was neither a radical nor a born reformer, but he became a pillar of the American Civil Liberties Union because his conscience, his reason, and his insatiable intellectual curiosity and love of truth drove him to the position that he took. Then, after serving the union devotedly from its foundation until 1924, he resigned because he, the able lawyer, had become at thirty-six absolutely immersed in the study of chemistry at Columbia.

A rich man's son who early inherited his father's fortune and had the luck to marry a wife extraordinarily fitted to be his partner, Albert De Silver's evolution was a constant amazement and joy to his sympathetic friends. He was a regular conservative in college, as was to be expected of one of his birth, surroundings, and prospects in life. But his mind was clear, fertile, logical, searching. It did not allow him to remain static for a moment, yet one felt, and his record shows it, that whichever way he went, it was a controlled drift. He was never in danger of a lee shore, was never a reckless navigator, and never did he embark on an insufficiently appraised or ill-studied course. But when he had decided he had neither fear of consequences nor of hostile public opinion. He took his stand, and that was all there was to it.

He was a wise, thoughtful, able legal adviser and a devoted friend. He always stood by others. One knew where to find him, and one had unbounded confidence that nothing improper could sway him. Yet he thought himself "temperamentally not very well suited to that type of activity [the reformer's], and it is not the sort of work in which I can be thoroughly absorbed." Yet his loss was a real one to chemistry and to reform. Finally he came to say: "I can't make much out of this curious world in which we live. What we all do seems to me so stupid and yet so natural. And that combination of stupidity and naturalness seems to me to rob the problem of a complex civilization both of certainty in the sense of predictability and of standards."

Mr. Nelles avoided the usual emotional pitfalls which lie before one who writes a tribute to a friend and produced a narrative which must impress those who did not know Albert De Silver as thoroughly justifying the writing of one more "Life." It is a book especially to be set before young men in college; indeed, it should be made required reading in certain civics courses.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Ill Fares the Land

THE HAPPY LAND, By Eric Knight, Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

EXCEPT that it is not deserted, the Yorkshire village of Apley Moorside is Mr. Knight's "sweet Auburn," chosen to illustrate the thesis that abundant ills prey on a land where wealth accumulates and men decay, that a bold peasantry when once destroyed can never be supplied. Here, it is true, the peasantry consists of colliers; when the mines shut down we watch their initiative and self-respect dribble away under the cumulative pressure of idleness, reduced living standard, unemployment insurance, and finally government assistance. The younger ones at least make a stand: they look for other jobs, and, failing to find them, scrabble for bits of coal on the slag heaps until driven away by the

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police; then they form "clubs" to dissemble their own inactivity from themselves, while the spineless sit more and more at home and figure out ways to perpetuate and if possible increase their dole, such as not getting married because a wedded couple draws only twenty-four shillings weekly while the two separately can total thirty-one.

All the degrees from rebellion to resignation meet in the Clough family. Thora, young, strong, alternately comforting and commanding, is spiritually undefeated to the very end. Of her two brothers: Fred, the younger, ambitious and hopeful, tramps over most of England looking for a job and ends up in the British equivalent of a CCC camp; big Matt, bearlike in brawn, has no fear of work but deteriorates through lack of brains and adaptability. Their father, old Tom Clough, and his whining crony, Napper, have stepped right out of "Juno and the Paycock" to convert their few spare pennies into beer and complain that the world is in "a tarrible state of chassis." There is not much that could be called plot, but of forceful character-drawing there is plenty, and a thorough grasp of what happens to common, ordinary, everyday people when the economic dyspepsia of the present time forces them to accept pauper status in the place of relative independence. The author, a Briton now living in the United States, is already known for his pleasant novella, "The Flying Yorkshireman."

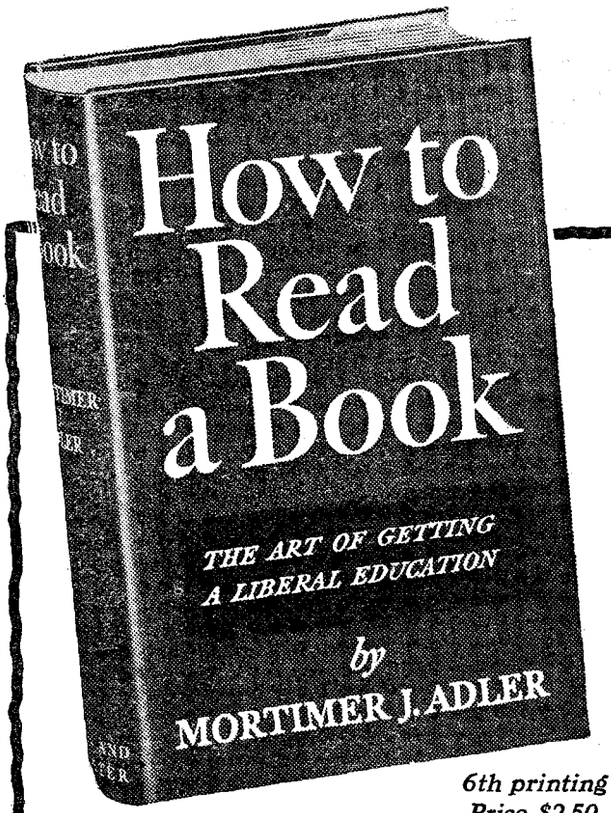
LOUIS B. SALOMON

The "Long Animal"

SELECTED LETTERS OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

ROBINSON appears to have passed on to his literary executors some of his own singular humility. Hermann Hagedorn's recent "Life" was a most unassuming book, and Ridgely Torrence has compiled this brief choice of letters in the same modest spirit.

The earliest letters date from 1890. Still a youth in Gardiner, Maine, Robinson is tending his crippled father, translating Vergil, and confessing to vague emotions of loneliness and unworthiness. The last letter was written in New York Hospital in 1935; and the poet, unaware that this is his final illness, is telling an old friend, "You must be very careful of your eyes," and warning her against Auden and Spender because "they are for the youngsters." The letters between these two dates chronicle a life which was certainly not without excitements and satisfactions. The young Robinson experienced some trouble getting published; yet he had faithful and determined friends from the start. In addition he was to have the unique experience of being read and taken up by a President of the United States. And finally, his "Tristram" was to be an immense best-seller. Nevertheless, the outward successes of his life appear to have left pretty much intact his feelings of solitude and inferiority. He is always charging himself with not "amounting to anything," with being "lazy" and "incomplete," with lacking "brains," ideas, tact. The loyalty of his friends is a continual amazement to him, and in thanking them he is never sure that he has done justice to his feelings: ". . . my chief mission in life appears to be that of a very long animal who barks and snarls when



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he means to make all sorts of good-natured and affectionate *noises*."

There can be little doubt that shyness and loneliness were the great specters of Robinson's personal life. And, as we know from Mr. Hagedorn's biography, these emotions were probably connected with his early belief that he was a belated and somewhat unwelcome addition to his father's household. Feeling excluded from the family as a child, he was to feel isolated from society later on; and he was to endeavor to make himself as small and unobtrusive as possible. Yet the letters show a curious interest in communal living: references to Brook Farm are surprisingly numerous; and with his discovery in middle life of the MacDowell colony in Peterborough, New Hampshire, the tone of his correspondence was to become increasingly serene.

"The whole Western world is going to be blown to pieces, asphyxiated, and starved," Robinson wrote to Mrs. Ledoux in 1921; and he seems to have found the post-war havoc particularly congenial to his own melancholia. But he will never admit he is a pessimist, and he expresses himself at all times with a grim cheerfulness and humorous self-disparagement. Indeed, his accent in these letters is the very accent of rural New England, and it is largely responsible for his charm as a correspondent. But Robinson's provincial stoicism, if we may call it that, appears to have had the disadvantage of making for a certain prudence and uniformity in his response to experience; and certainly it excluded him more and more from adventures in literature, ideas, and opinions. The letters record few such adventures at any rate; and to offset his chronic diffidence toward most things, he seems to have had only his lifelong enthusiasm for Dickens and Wagner, and, inversely, his rather ill-defined hostility toward "mechanism" and "materialism."

F. W. DUPEE

WPA—Present and Future

WORKERS ON RELIEF. By Grace Adams. Yale University Press. $3.

AUTOPSIES on the WPA seem to be in order even though parts of the body are still very much alive. Undoubtedly the next few years will bring many revelations and scandals, with a considerable acrimonious exchange of contrary opinions. But it is to be hoped that there will also be some just appraisals. The WPA is too important to be made the football of political partisanship. It is the greatest collective effort ever made in the United States.

Grace Adams, taking no sides, surveys the WPA with sound psychological insight. The author of "Psychology: Science or Superstition," she uses the case method, letting a number of sufficiently diversified workers tell their experiences and weaving the necessary facts and figures into a running narrative form. In this way she avoids a dreary recital of confusing statistics which would interest only professional social workers. It does not always sound like plausible conversation, but it serves the purpose of holding the layman's attention. Miss Adams apparently has the future of the WPA at heart and realizes that its fate depends upon intelligent popular support of it.

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Her case histories illustrate both how the WPA works and how it has failed to work. They show the utter bewilderment of workers, as well as of local administrators and supervisors, at the mass of red tape, arbitrary and frequently changed rulings, fantastic classifications, and meaningless qualification requirements. We see workers assigned to work they have never done before and becoming what they have never thought of being.

The ludicrous or pathetic situations described may read like caricatures to the outsider, but anyone who has been on the inside could easily duplicate them. Undoubtedly lack of coordination between Washington and the field has had much to do with it, and initiative at the lower end of the administrating body has not been encouraged. Many of the supervisors have been defeated men who had lost their initiative, while others have been political hacks and trimmers. "Do as you are told and don't stick your neck out" became their protective slogan. They nursed their jobs just as some of the younger workers made a career out of the WPA for the simple reason that they had never had a career of their own. Without any pick-up in outside employment workers faced nothing but a return to home relief if they stepped out of the ranks.

That is the debit side of the picture. On the credit side some seven million people have been given employment, and the amount of work they have accomplished sounds prodigious; Miss Adams quotes two solid pages of statistics from the WPA publicity department. Any analysis of these figures would have exceeded the limits of her book, but they will have to be broken down and analyzed to determine their value. Against what standard of efficiency was the work checked if, as is claimed, it was only 50 to 60 per cent efficient? Were the handicaps under which the work was done always the fault of the WPA or did lack of technical supervision and the proviso against competition with private industry also play a part?

Sooner or later, Miss Adams insists, the WPA will have to decide whether its aim is to give relief or work. If relief, it should be coordinated with the other relief organizations all over the country to give just that until recovery comes. If the primary object is to give work, then the highest standards of efficiency should prevail. Her analysis of the lag which has been the bane of the WPA ever since its inception is provocative. It was conceived in the atmosphere of New Deal optimism which followed the Hoover illusion that recovery was just around the corner. The word "temporary" was its watchword and its hope. It planned for only three million unemployed when the National Reemployment Service Bureau had already registered over eight million. It never faced the permanency of unemployment as Congress will have to do if the WPA is to function properly as either a relief or a work agency.

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IN BRIEF

PEACE IN OUR TIME. By James P. Warburg. Harper and Brothers. 75 cents.

Purporting to ask thought-stimulating questions without answering them, the gist of this banker-author's approach is in the title of the Introduction: "It *Is* Our Problem." His formulation of desirable peace aims coincides with that which he quotes from the British Foreign Minister. We must take part in the peace; so the conclusion is inescapable that we must help as far as necessary to secure an acceptable outcome of the war. "For lack of competence," he does not touch upon the Far East. Nor does he ask the most fundamental question of all: "Is this war anything more than a symptom of what ails the world?"

ACCULTURATION IN SEVEN AMERICAN INDIAN TRIBES. Edited by Ralph Linton. D. Appleton-Century Company. $4.

This book comprises accounts of the aboriginal modes of life and present-day condition of seven Indian tribes of North America, studied with an eye to the contrast between their past and present modes of behavior. The tribes are the Puyallup of Washington, the White Knife Shoshoni of Nevada, the Southern Ute of Colorado, the Northern Arapaho of Wyoming, the Fox of Iowa, the Alkatcho Carrier of British Columbia, and the San Ildefonso of New Mexico; the studies were made in the field by students in the Department of Anthropology of Columbia University. The editor contributes an introduction outlining the plan for the studies and three essays on the processes and distinctive aspects of what is technically called acculturation—that is, the borrowing of tradition by the members of social groups through continuous first-hand contact. Though this book is primarily for the professional anthropologist, it has value for all who are interested in Indians, for it gives one of the most objective pictures yet drawn of the present condition of the tribes discussed. Most of those who write of the Indian of today stress the breakdown of aboriginal custom and the resulting demoralization; in this book it can be seen to what an extent the Indian has adapted himself to the situation thrust upon him by white aggression.

THE PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LIFE OF SOCRATES. By René Kraus. Translated by Barrows Mussey. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

A biography fictionalized to the point where it is really a novel in treatment, though with Xenophon and Plato to draw upon the author has not needed to invent details or even conversations. Intent on interpreting the past to the present, he interposes the atmosphere of the present between the reader and the subject. Doubtless his "facts" are correct, but a "straight" biography would seem preferable.

CLARA SCHUMANN: A ROMANTIC BIOGRAPHY. By John N. Burk. Random House. $3.

Historical knowledge, musical scholarship, human sympathy, and a quiet, simple style of writing go to make this a first-rate biography of the wife of Robert Schumann and the inspirer of Brahms, who was also—indeed, first of all—one of the greatest pianists of her day. A natural, charming book about a natural, charming woman.

THESE RULE FRANCE. The Story of Edouard Daladier and the Men Around Daladier. By Stanton B. Leeds. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

Starting from the premise that those who defend personal and national liberty always come to power in the end in France, and apparently assuming his readers' complete ignorance of French political and social conditions in both the past and the present, the author instructs us sketchily and superficially about key figures in finance, journalism, and the arts, as well as in politics and the army.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT IN THE OLD SOUTH. By Clement Eaton. Duke University Press. $3.

"The suppression of the Southern anti-slavery men furnishes one of the most impressive monuments in history of the ultimate folly of intolerance," concludes the author of this well-documented but readable study. But the growth of intolerance shows up more strongly against earlier Southern than contemporary Northern liberalism. This book, which won the Duke centennial prize, is an especially worthy example of recent impartial studies of bypaths of Southern history by Southerners.

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MUSIC

IN THE succession of dull works and undistinguished performances which the New Friends of Music presented in its chamber-music series this year the outstanding occasions were the performances of Mozart's String Quintets by the Budapest and Primrose Quartets. It was with these that the New Friends fulfilled its purpose and promise of offering the masterpieces which inertia in program-making leaves unperformed and unheard. When a string quartet decides to play a Mozart quintet it almost invariably chooses the G minor, never the E-flat or D major, which are superb works, and almost never the C major, which rivals the G minor in power. It was with the Budapest Quartet's performance of this work that the New Friends brought its rather inglorious series to a brilliant conclusion. And then it opened its orchestral series with a concert which must have been for others what it was for me—an experience to be cherished as long as memory could retain it.

Mozart's piano concertos occupy a special place in his works. He wrote them for the occasions when he presented himself to the public as composer-pianist; in each his object was to show all that he was capable of as a musician, and to show this in constantly new ways. In a single work, then, one gets his powers operating at incandescence, producing a breath-taking flow of miracles of loveliness, expressiveness, and wit; and in one work after another the unending variety of these miracles becomes overwhelming: consider, for example, the constantly and triumphantly new ways in which the all-important first entrance of the piano is contrived. Of the two dozen or so concertos which Mozart wrote in his entire lifetime at least ten are among his greatest works, with individual movements—the slow movement of K. 467, for example—that are among the supreme musical utterances of all time. To say this is to say that they should be constantly in the orchestral repertory; but since conductors regard concertos not as part of the orchestral repertory but as vehicles for soloists—since, in other words, a conductor does not decide to give Mozart's Concerto K. 453 or 503 and engage a pianist to play it, but engages a pianist and chooses from whatever concertos the pianist offers—the result is that K. 453 and 503 have not been played in New York in the twenty-five years that I have been attending concerts. It was only because Webster Aitken happened to offer K. 450 that the Boston Symphony played it for the first time in its sixty years' history; and there are others which may remain unplayed by the Boston Symphony for the sixty years it will take another pianist to offer them.

A year ago Leon Barzin hinted at a survey series of concerts by the National Orchestral Association devoted to these works; and the original announcement of the New Friends last year promised something more extensive than the four concertos of the present series. Originally, moreover, there was a possibility of Schnabel playing the ones that have been neglected; but in the end he chose K. 466, which is the best known, K. 467, which has had two performances in New York, and K. 482 and 488, which have been played more frequently. The series, then, is not making the public acquainted with unfamiliar masterpieces; but it is revealing familiar ones in the light cast upon them by performances the like of which will not soon be heard again. For rumor has Schnabel retiring at the end of this season; and how enormous and irreparable the loss will be he demonstrated with his playing in K. 466 and 467 at the first concert. I cannot think of a pianist capable of phrasing the long cantilena of that slow movement of K. 467 as Schnabel did—a pianist, that is, who could give it the form, the significance with which Schnabel's fingers caused it to emerge from the piano; a pianist, in still other words, who brings to music the resources of matured emotion and understanding and pianistic skill that Schnabel brings. And I would say that an artist with these resources is not free to stop; they impose on him the obligation to go on as long as there is still power in his mind and hand.

One is bound to give first consideration to Schnabel's playing because of the primary importance of the solo instrument in these works and his masterly handling of it. But the Mozart concerto, as Tovey has pointed out, employs the concerto principle of opposition of unequal instrumental forces that is basic in the earlier concerto of Vivaldi, Handel, and Bach; with the difference that in Mozart the use becomes more complex: the solo instrument not only is set off against the orchestra but is constantly involved in subtle interplay with strings and woodwinds which Mozart makes the unceasing wonder and delight here that they are in his operas. And in the New Friends performances this subtle interplay, this integration of orchestra with piano, was beautifully achieved with fine precision in execution and homogeneity of style. In this music, as in the Haydn symphonies a year ago, Fritz Stiedry revealed himself as a musician of feeling and taste; and this year the playing of the orchestra gave more impressive evidence of his competence and authority as a conductor.

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Letters to the Editors

Defense of the Copyright Bill

Dear Sirs: Thorvald Solberg, in *The Nation* of February 24, criticizes certain features of the new copyright bill (Senate No. 3043). While I agree that the so-called manufacturing clause has been a "major blot" on our copyright legislation since 1891, it has successfully resisted all efforts, including those of Mr. Solberg, to eliminate it. The new bill, drafted by the Committee for the Study of Copyright, has endeavored to liberalize the provisions of the manufacturing clause to such an extent as to enable the United States to adhere to the Berne Convention, and I am encouraged by legal opinion to believe that we have succeeded.

Although the draft provides that all copies of any copyrighted work which shall be distributed in the United States shall be manufactured wholly within the United States or its dependencies, important exceptions to this provision are allowed, as follows: foreign newspapers, periodicals, or magazines; works in foreign languages by authors not resident or domiciled within the United States; authorized translations in a foreign language of works previously published in the United States; motion pictures, works in raised characters for the blind, etc. Furthermore, the importation, not for sale or hire, of foreign printed works in English is allowed as follows: one copy of any work in personal baggage; one copy of any work on any one invoice for personal use of consignee; copies for libraries; two copies for author's own use; copies of works in private collections purchased *en bloc* in a foreign country. To these permitted importations, which may in the aggregate be considerable but which Mr. Solberg does not mention, is to be added commercial importation of five hundred copies for distribution through trade channels. The committee believes that the allowed importations are sufficient to meet the demands of libraries and scholars and to test the likelihood of a profitable American edition.

With regard to the provision requiring deposit of copies of works, it should be noted that this is applicable *only* to publishers and to works manufactured within the United States. The works of foreign authors become subject to this requirement only if they cause an American reprint of such works to be issued.

It should also be noted that the works affected by the manufacturing clause of the bill receive copyright automatically in the United States, without formalities. It is only when commercial importation of works exceeds five hundred copies—*in addition* to permitted individual and library importations—that such copyright is affected. If the commercial importation of more than five hundred copies takes place *with the consent of the author,* it implies a voluntary dedication to the public. If it takes place *without such consent,* copies so imported are seized and forfeited or, in the absence of gross negligence or fraud, returned to the country of export, but the copyright is not impaired.

Furthermore, loss of copyright protection resulting from authorized importation of more than five hundred copies applies only to printing, distribution, and sale. Rights in radio, cinema, drama, translation, etc., are not impaired.

WALDO G. LELAND, Chairman,
Committee for the Study of Copyright
Washington, March 20

Mr. Browder's Logic

Dear Sirs: Earl Browder's reply to Lewis Corey's articles on Marxism (*The Nation* for March 9) clearly establishes the essential intellectual dishonesty of the American Communist Führer. Mr. Corey discusses questions of social, economic, and political thought, action, and strategy in the light of present-day world conditions. All this Mr. Browder passes up and argues, first, that Corey is not qualified to discuss these problems from the Marxist standpoint; second (by implication), that Corey is a literary bandit, like Eastman, who can derive profit from his present anti-Marxist position because it will bring his articles "to the attention of the right people"; and, finally, that Corey has joined the Roosevelt army in a "holy crusade to save Europe from socialism, from proletarian revolution." No doubt if Mr. Corey had supported Hitler in his struggle to destroy British capitalism, thus liberating the British workers, and Stalin in his crusade to free the exploited Finns, he, Corey, would be the most penetrating exponent of Marxism now writing.

IRVING B. ALTMAN
New York, March 16

Packing the Labor Board

Dear Sirs: Two years ago there was an awful hullabaloo all over the country about "packing the Supreme Court." It still remains the President's outstanding boner. Now among all the various suggestions to prune, whittle, and spirit away the National Labor Relations Act there seems to be one on which almost all agree, including Senator Wagner—*enlarge the board.* The admitted purpose of this is to give Dr. William M. Leiserson, a minority member, a majority in agreement with him in order to effect changes in administration, procedure, and personnel.

What's the difference in principle between "packing the Labor Board" and the Supreme Court affair? But where are the righteous howls?

WILLIAM GASTON
New York, March 20

Fighting Hearst and Hunger

Dear Sirs: The 231 men and women who have been on strike for some fifteen months against W. R. Hearst's Chicago newspapers are facing a crisis. These people, who with their dependents number more than 700, have made incredible sacrifices to achieve a better life for newspaper workers. Despite every form of repressive terror employed by their gigantic adversary, William Randolph Hearst, their will to win still burns as strongly as ever.

After denying these people their right to use the press and radio, Hearst is now pushing injunction and contempt proceedings to still their voices. These proceedings would deny them their right of free speech by forbidding the issuance of their own pamphlets, the operation of their own sound trucks, and the presentation of their own movie. If these rights are to be upheld, money for appeals to the higher courts is necessary.

At this moment the strike itself has hit a financial dead center. Hunger is one foe we cannot defeat. If there is anything you can do at this time to aid, it will be a boon. The aggregate of many small sums will enable us to go on.

HARRY D. WOHL,
International Vice-President,
American Newspaper Guild
Chicago, March 19

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